

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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The Right of Self-Expatriation.

THE people who have been engaged in getting up a needless excitement, *apropos* of certain Fenians, about "the rights of naturalized citizens abroad," find it not so easy a matter to deal with as they supposed when they come to touch it practically. It is easy to assert abstractedly that among man's inherent rights is that of self-expatriation, or electing his own nationality. But many abstract rights are qualified by laws and regulations enacted by communities and governments, who have unquestionably the right to define the duties of their citizens and exact from them certain services. We may think these duties onerous and the exactions heavy—in fact, they may be repugnant to our standard of humanity and

civilization, but we cannot mitigate or set them aside, as far as foreign nations are concerned, by any enactments of our own. We may say that these duties shall not be enforced, nor these services exacted on our soil, but we cannot absolve the emigrant or refugee from compacts and obligations entered into and contracted beyond our jurisdiction.

Supposing a soldier deserting from our armies were to go into Canada and become a British subject, as he may do in a day, would we surrender our claim to his further services, or our right to punish him if he were to return the following day? Certainly not. And if he could not be absolved in one day, he could not in two, nor a hundred, nor yet in a year. These limitations of rights are matters of municipal law, which every nation enacts for

itself, and which cannot be interfered with by other nations.

"The rights of naturalized citizens abroad" is not, therefore, a subject for legislation, but of international arrangement. Should the great majority of civilized nations arrive at a common understanding in the matter, that understanding would be accepted as a principle of international law, that we might be justified in enforcing against nations denying its application. If what is called "diplomacy" is not a greater imposture than it is generally believed to be, this matter can be readily and satisfactorily adjusted through its agency. Or, diplomacy failing, let it be submitted to a conference of plenipotentiaries of the Great Powers, which could be got together and ought to do its work "in sixty days."

Nothing can be accomplished through the direct action of Congress or by legislation, and the intemperate speeches of the Robinsons and other demagogues, there only obstruct and postpone the settlement of a question which it is in every way desirable shall be disposed of without delay.

Things of the Day.

THE most stupid suggestion of the year, thus far, in America or out of it, is that of Adjutant-General McDougall, of Montreal, to "fortify the Canada frontier as a protection against the United States in event of war, by a series of detached forts of wide circumference." The adjutant's detached forts would



MR. STANTON IS BEING EXHIBITED IN THE WAR OFFICE DURING THE NIGHT OF 21ST AND 22ND ULT.—SEE PAGE 367.

probably be attached very soon, "in event of war," and the adjutant, too, unless his powers of locomotion are greater than we have any right to suppose. But—jesting apart—what inconceivable folly is this of "fortifying" Canada, which would be crushed up like an empty egg-shell "in event of a war" with the United States. Let both sides spend their money in some rational manner. The Canadians flatter themselves if they think the United States would take them as a gift.

M. Michel Chevalier, an eminent traveler, engineer and political economist, as also Senator of France, urges peace in Europe, consolidation, and a general husbanding of resources, anticipatory of a war with the United States and Russia, each of which will have, he prognosticates, a population of a hundred millions in thirty-two years. But M. Chevalier does not tell us what this Titanic war is to be about. Still, if the fear of it shall keep Europe peaceful for thirty-two years, it will prove to be the best bugaboo ever invented.

On the authority of the Commissioner of Agriculture, we are literally "going to the dogs." He says that the value of sheep killed by dogs in the United States for 1866 was two millions of dollars. The subsistence of the whole number of dogs in all the States, he estimates, costs fifty millions of dollars.

"A difficulty" is said to have arisen between Mr. Hale, our Extraordinary Minister in Madrid, and Mr. Perry, the Secretary of Legation, and the former threatens to resign unless the latter be removed. As it happens that the Secretary is an accomplished scholar and gentleman, thoroughly versed in the Spanish character and language, while the Envoy only speaks the New Hampshire dialect of our mother tongue, and is far from being a Chesterfield, we think his resignation ought to be accepted. It will be a sad loss to diplomacy, but Spain would probably survive it, and we may do so too.

Mr. Wilson, of Iowa, has introduced in the House of Representatives a bill which has passed that body unanimously. It provides that no person who may have been duly convicted and adjudged guilty of murder, piracy, assassination, arson, robbery, or forgery, and where conviction has not been reversed, shall be allowed to enter or remain in the United States; and it authorizes the President, upon the production of satisfactory proof, that a person so convicted of either of such crimes, has entered, or is about to enter the United States, to cause him to be sent back to the country whence he came, or in which he may have been so convicted. This country has been long enough the cesspool of Europe, and we have long enough suffered the odium of the crime and pauperism that the Old World has poured in on us in a constantly increasing flood.

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NOTICE—We have no travelling agents. All persons representing themselves to be such are impostors.

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Notice.

The public will be gratified to learn, as we are to announce, that the Hon. N. P. BANKS will contribute to the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a Series of Original Articles written expressly for this paper. In enrolling this distinguished statesman and soldier among our contributors, we are convinced that the American people will appreciate his efforts in literature as they have his brilliant services in the field and in legislative halls.

Cost and Profit of American Lager.

The manufacture and consumption of this German beverage has reached an enormous amount in this country, especially in the cities of the West, in many of which there is a large majority of German-born citizens.

Breweries of all sizes are abundant; so much so that it may naturally be supposed no great outlay of capital is needed to start an establishment of this sort. But this is an error. The expense involved in beginning the manufacture of Lager-Beer is quite heavy. There are vaults to be dug, and solidly constructed of stone or brick; tubs, vats, kegs, and numerous other apparatus to be bought in greater or less quantities; and an almost incredible amount of barley, malt, and hops, is used in the process. A brewery intended to turn out a thousand kegs of beer daily, for instance, cannot be built and put in working order for

less than three hundred thousand dollars. There is one now going up, or down—for the building extends in both directions—in Cincinnati, which will cost over half a million. This will be capable of stowing thirty thousand barrels of lager; nor are these by any means the largest establishments in this country. Milwaukee is one of the greatest lager depots in the West. The annual manufacture is about six hundred thousand kegs. A keg holds almost one-fourth of a barrel.

Cincinnati exceeds this considerably, while among our Eastern cities, Philadelphia makes the largest amount, and its Lager-Beer is said to have the best reputation among connoisseurs.

There is a trade combination among the brewers of lager, by means of which they are able to keep the price of beer up to a money-making point, and very many of them have grown very rich in this commerce.

Beet Sugar in Illinois.

Among the experiments in manufacturing sugar from the beet in the West, those in Illinois seem to have been remarkably successful, and this State will probably take the lead in the production of an article which may one day become an American staple at least as valuable in the future as cotton has been in the past.

When it is remembered that we are forced to depend upon foreign manufactured sugar to the extent of one hundred million dollars worth of annual importation, the value of a home production which shall render us independent of this foreign supply can scarcely be over-estimated.

The beet sugar manufacture has been an established and lucrative business in France since the time of the first empire, and at one period furnished nearly two-thirds of all the sugar consumed in the realm. With our splendid facilities of soil and unlimited territory, there is no reason why we should not make our own entire supply, as well as a large and profitable surplus for exportation. In this connection, the following instance of recent success in this manufacture will be interesting. The account is taken from a local (Illinois) paper, which says:

"The beet sugar manufactory at Chatsworth is now for the first time in successful operation. The remodeling and improvement of the past summer has put the works in complete order. Their beets are of the first quality, although, owing to the dry season, the yield was less per acre than usual, but this does not lessen materially the yield of sugar, as a small beet raised in a dry season will yield as much sugar as a much larger one grown in a wet season. The company are now feeding about five hundred head of cattle from their beet pomace, and are shipping a car-load of sugar every week.

"This is the success of one of the grandest enterprises of Illinois, and offers a brilliant example to others to go and do likewise—open up a new mine of wealth to our State, and fill a large and increasing demand that has now to be supplied in great part from foreign countries. Not only in sugar is there profit, but, as noted above, the pomace of the beet will feed nearly as many cattle as would the same amount of ground afford from any other product."

THE London *Spectator* asks pertinently, "What is the use of a detective police if it never knows anything, lets Stephens escape, and arrests G. F. Train as a dangerous character?"—There are only 32,000 persons in England who own more than ten acres of land apiece.—The gross annual income of Great Britain exceeds by £47,000,000 the whole £778,000,000 of the permanent National debt.—Among the number of persons who were married in England during the past year, 22 per cent. of men and 31 of women could not write. In Scotland the numbers were 11 per cent. of men and 22 per cent. of women; while in Ireland, during the same period, 40 per cent. of men and 52 per cent. of women were ignorant of this part of elementary education.—An important paper was recently read before the Academy of Sciences of Vienna on gas made from the residue of the manufacture of petroleum. The results of carefully conducted experiments are, that this new gas gives off less carbonic acid and less heat than ordinary coal-gas; that its illuminating power, as compared with the latter, is 3 to 1; and that in 100 parts there are 17.4 of ethylene, 58.3 of marsh gas, and 24.3 of hydrogen.—It is said that 150,000 copies of the Queen's first book were sold, and yielded a profit of \$50,000. Some other writers, however, are not making a bad thing of it just now. Tennyson, for instance, was paid \$1,250 for his short poem called "The Victim." He also received \$150 for the half-dozen rather childish stanzas in *Once a Week*, "On a Spiteful Letter," Mr. Gladstone receives \$500 a number for his effusion in *Good Words*.—The introduction of females into the Indiana Asbury University is discussed with much earnestness by the friends of the institution, and the outcry against what is ungallantly called "A feminine invasion," is abundantly noisy.—The Chicago papers say that Mr. Charles Dickens has a sister-in-law residing in that city, she being the widow of Augustus Dickens, who was a clerk in the Illinois Central Land Office for some ten or twelve years, and died two or three years ago. Mrs. Dickens is keeping a boarding-house on North Clark street, and by this

means is barely able to support herself and children.—Since 1845 the number of letters passing through the French post-office has increased from 178,376,400 to 700,000,000.

THERE is a strong movement in favor of compulsory instruction in England, up to the standard of "primary education." Some of the apostles of this movement put this standard rather high, up to an elementary knowledge of political economy, of the general principles of science, and of French. All this is given in the Swiss primary schools, and why not, they say, in England? As this is a point rather higher than most members of the British House of Commons, and our own "able legislators" in Congress ever reach, we submit that, since more than one-half of the English people can neither read nor write, it is better to lower "the standard," at the outset. The Gulf of British ignorance cannot be leaped over at a single bound.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Tribune* gives an elaborate and well-written account of the obsequies of the late so-called Emperor of Mexico. They were stately and solemn, attended by representatives of all of the European courts. The American *Chargé d'Affaires* did not appear for obvious reasons. France ostentatiously sent the Duke of Grammont and other less important personages, who, however, must have felt their presence unwelcome to the Austrian people, if we may judge from the expressions of a poem published and sold by thousands on the day of the funeral, and a portion of which the correspondent of the *Tribune* gives us a translation, as follows:

The Death-Ship moves, black-flagged and fraught with woe,
Back from the sunset to the Old World's shore;
With fluttering wings and waifings soft and low
A troop of spectres dimly glides before,
And ocean spirits rise up from the deep
As if to lull the way-worn chief to sleep.

In vain! The black ship to his native land
Brings the cold clay of the magnanimous dead.
He found a bloody end in the far land
That offered with a crown to deck his head,
He ran his life's course valiantly and well—
Victim to alien treachery he fell.

Hard by the rocky coast of sleeping France,
Arises by the ship a spectre grim—
Threatening with red right arm and fiery glance
And muttered curses savage and defiant,
And howls amid the storm's tumultuous din,
"The dead man suffered for the living's sin."

But, ah! we greet thee tenderly in death,
Thou last and noblest of a lofty line!
We lay upon thy honored bier a wreath
That from our newly budding hopes we twine
The hopes that show us Austria's banner wave
In FREEDOM'S holy splendor o'er thy grave!

ANY military man who trusts himself in the crooked and thorny ways of politics will have ample cause of "regret." General Hancock supplies a good illustration of what will be sure to happen. He lent himself to what is known as the "Presidential policy" in the South, and undertook the heavy risk of reversing the measures of General Sheridan, a more popular officer than himself, for which he received the equivocal honor of Mr. Johnson's nomination for the Presidency. But the men whom Mr. Johnson now assumes to lead are mainly the men against whom General Hancock fought, and who have not forgotten his war record. Their newspaper organs are venomous in their reminiscences of the general. They call him "a hangman" and a "murderer," and a "subservient tool of arbitrary power," whom "the Democratic party cannot afford to support" in politics; for the general is not "a hangman" nor "a murderer," but a brave and accomplished officer, only very much out of place in Louisiana, and very unfortunate in having received the President's approbation.

A NOVEL and, it is to be hoped, successful experiment is being tried in Whitechapel, London. Mr. McCall, manufacturer of preserved provisions, and a small limited company, have erected there a building eighty feet by sixty feet, to be used as a retail "market." The shops are on the ground floor and in a gallery, which runs round above, two sides being appropriated to meat, and the remainder to other articles. All the salesmen are employes of the company, and the articles are carried direct from the wholesale markets, and retailed at a moderate advance.

THE Bishop of Kerry, Ireland, has declined to allow requiem masses and other solemn services to be celebrated for the three executed Fenians in Kerry Cathedral. It was not, he said, in his address on the subject, that he objected to praying for the souls of these men, who seem to have died in a very Christian frame of mind, but, because, first, the crime for which they died was perpetrated in the cause of revolution; secondly, because it was a result of secret conspiracy, condemned by the Church; thirdly, because it was an act of violence, it was lawful and praiseworthy, it must be lawful and praiseworthy to repeat it, which would be an encouragement to future violence. The bishop concluded his circular by reminding his clergy of O'Connell's saying that any one who committed a crime "drove a nail into the coffin of his country."

A LIVERPOOL paper is scandalized at the geographical ignorance shown by Englishmen with regard to European countries. Its special cause of mortification is the fact that the British Consul at Archangel recently appealed in the London *Times* for aid to the starving peasantry of that region, and the *Times* headed the article "Famine in Southern Russia," which topographical error the *Pall-Mall Gazette* subsequently repeated in an article rebuking the Consul. Whereupon the Liverpool paper wants to know if educated Englishmen do not really know that Archangel is the most northern port of any importance in Europe? It is not very strange that educated Englishmen should be ignorant of this geographical fact,

when they are so absurdly ignorant, not only of the comparative geography, but of all sorts of matters connected with America. The most ridiculous mistakes continually occur in British journals with reference to places and distances in this country. Not long ago the following item of news appeared in an English provincial paper: "The wolves have come down from the mountains of Massachusetts (United States), and numbers of them have ventured even to the neighborhood of New York and Boston." And one educated Englishwoman, recently arrived in this city, who asked an American fellow-passenger on the voyage if there were many snakes in the streets of New York! The fact is that John Bull does not think knowledge of countries or people, outside "the empire on which the sun never sets," of any consequence; feeling much like the Chinese in this respect, who regard the rest of mankind as "outside barbarians."

MR. ROBERT TOMES held the position for two years of United States Consular Agent in Rheims, France, the metropolis of the champagne district. The city, he tells us, is "the most corrupt city in France." The women are but so-so; the men, even high officials, brutally rude, and the place dull. The clergy he describes as a class apart, who "go skulking about the streets like so many lepers, or outcasts from society." Literature, we infer, is not extensively cultivated, since the 30,000 volumes and the 1,000 manuscripts in the library are undisturbed by any but the librarian, who speaks with the utmost contempt of his fellow-citizens. "They never put a foot in the place, and I am hardly asked for a book once in a twelve-month." Mr. Tomes's duties as Consular Agent were about equal to those performed by similar dignitaries in all parts of the world, and consisted, as he tells us, "in receiving thirteen francs and fifty centimes for signing my name and stamping a portentous seal of office upon each invoice of wine exported to the United States." In doing this he frankly styles himself "consular extortioner," for whose presence in Rheims there is no necessity. Respecting the various compounds exported from Rheims, we have this pleasant information:

"All wine that comes even from Champagne is by no means genuine. There are manufacturers there who fabricate wines from grapes never grown in the district which alone produces the real fruit. These will sell their concoctions at three or four dollars a dozen, give them as jaunty a look in bottle as the choicest Clichet or Consular Seal, and call them by any name the purchaser may fancy within the limit of the law. These same artificers, of exhausted ingenuity, will make to order not only champagne, but wine and spirits of any kind and country. When Consular Agent at Rheims, I legalized many an invoice of 'Madeira,' 'Sherry,' 'Port,' 'Fine Old Cognac,' and the 'Best Holland Gin,' and of all sorts of liqueurs, 'Chartreuse,' 'Curacao,' and 'Kirsch,' exported to the United States from Epernay, by an expert manufacturer of that place. I had reason to believe that within his extensive premises he had brought together the various powers of production of the whole world, and could, without traveling beyond his own walls, summon at his call the rich cordial of the Alps, the fiery spirit of the Low Countries, the wine of the Cape, the liqueur of the Antilles, or the products of any other quarter of the globe. In fact, it is no secret in Champagne that this ingenious and wealthy manufacturer, whose success has been commensurate with his wondrous enterprise, has virtually abolished all the geographical divisions of the earth, and, recognizing their diversity only in name and idea, produces, within his own enclosure, any wine, spirit or liqueur a customer may demand. I know by name his agent in the United States, and I would no more think of drinking of his variegated bottles than I would of those of an apothecary's shop."

It is satisfactory to know that the leading men of England, and, what is of more importance, the leading journals of England, are taking a calm and rational view of the question of self-expatriation, and advocate a full recognition of the right of every man to choose his own citizenship. The old doctrine of "once a subject always a subject," which, by the way, is one which our own courts have time and again sustained, is admitted to be fallacious in principle, and in this age impracticable. There is no need of further gasconade in the matter. A little common sense negotiation will settle it satisfactorily, and deprive Fenianism and all similar impostures of one-half their capital. The London *Times* says:

"Should any overture have been made with that object [of establishing the right of self-expatriation] by the American Government, we trust it has been favorably entertained by Lord Stanley; and if no such overture has been made, we trust Lord Stanley will take the initiative in proposing a basis of settlement."

EX-GOVERNOR BROWN, of Georgia, is in direct issue with certain pretended friends of the South in the Northern States. He says:

"The people North have been told lately that the acts of Congress establish negro supremacy and white subordination in the South. The charge is false. It was the perverse obstinacy of the white race refusing to take control that gave the negroes power in the Convention. There is 15,000 white majority in Georgia. With this majority, and the boasted superiority of the race in intellect, education, experience and wealth, it is a libel on the white men to say that negroes can rule in intellect and capital, and control numbers everywhere."

The whites in the South being, as compared with the negroes, numerically two to one, if they are ruled by the latter, why—they deserve to be.

WE are inclined to put some confidence in the report that Mr. Seward has purchased the Bay of Samana, because President Cabral denies it so strenuously. When a Spaniard protests his friendship, you may safely believe he meditates cutting your throat or picking your pocket; and when he denies a purpose it is safe to estimate it as probable in proportion to the vehemence of the denial. This is what President Cabral has to say about the Samana sale report:

"It is in vain that our enemies spread rumors without foundation, for it will not serve them. That Samana has been leased for many millions, or that it has been sold to the Americans, is a report having only an odious purpose in view. The Government formally and officially denies these statements. The present administration has neither parted with nor sold, nor given up, all or any portion of the territory either to individuals or to any foreign power. General Cabral swore to maintain inviolate the territory of the Republic on taking possession of his post, and now to-day, in the

presence of the nation and in the face of the world, he repeats the declaration, and swears, if needs be, that he will not part with, nor renounce, nor permit the cessation of any part of it, and that before doing so he would rather bury himself in the ruins of the Republic."

The Secretary of War states that 244,747 white, and nearly 30,000 negro soldiers belonging to the Union army were killed or died from disease, during the late civil war, and that 208,000 were wounded and disabled.

The economic Prussians are in "a state of mind," because there is a deficit of about a million and a half of dollars in the revenue! This is almost the annual cost of Admiral Farragut's "promenade" in the Mediterranean!

GARIBOLDI has written a poem, "an answer to Victor Hugo," which has been translated into English. This is his apology for accepting Victor Emanuel after dethroning Bomba:

"To spare the Italy we loved this strain
Of the old agony borne all again,
We drove the Bourbon out and took that other—
Dethroned a corpse, and set up its sick brother!"

And this is what he has to say of the French Emperor:

"Warned off from Mexico—foiled at Berlin—
He slew my lady—my Roman boys! to win
Prestige. He won it. Ah! good friend! thy verse
Thunders the judgment of a righteous curse
On those soiled laurel leaves. But let him be,
He does the things he must! Wait thou and see!
A little while his chameleon scheme prevails,
A little while, and God's long-suffering fails.
And when he ends, and we may pity him,
The dawn will break on Europe dead and dim;
The dawn of brotherhood, and love, and peace,
The light of a new time, when there shall cease
This clang of armies over Christian lands;
And nations, tearing off their Lazarus-bands,
Shall rise—see face to face—and sadly say,
"Why were we foes? why did we serve—and slay?"

A Mr. MANSILL, of Rock Island, Ill., has published a pamphlet on "The Age and Life of Our Earth," in which he predicts the destruction of our globe in 64,000,000,000 years. We breathe freer!

The nineteenth century still continues to be the most enlightened of centuries—past, present, and future; but, as the French say, it is only enlightened *à la chandelle*, and superstition is not yet dead. Fifty-seven Parisian proprietors have just presented a petition to the Prefect of the Seine, begging of his justice and kindness the suppression of every number 13 in Paris, and the substitution in each case of No. 11 bis. (In Paris, the odd numbers are on one side of the street, and the even ones on the other, so that No. 13 is preceded by No. 11.) Those who heard of the petition laughed uproariously; but the other day, one of the laughers was present at a sale where some lots of ground were sold by auction. The lots lay next to each other in the same street; the first was adjudged at 880*fr.* the metre, the next at 900*fr.*, and the third at 250*fr.* only. Our reporter, somewhat astonished, asked the reason of the difference of price. "Ah! monsieur," was the answer, the house built on the last lot of ground will bear the number 13, and every house afflicted with this sinister figure loses a fifth of its value."

PARK BENJAMIN dismissed a volume of Mrs. Sigourney's poems with the brief characterization, "Poor but pious." The dramatic critic of the *Herald* is less terse, but comes about to the point when he pronounces Mr. Beecher's "Norwood," or rather the dramatized version, to be "A mild solution of love and war."

The American Institute is a prosperous organization. Its finances show a surplus for the past year of \$15,000. This happy result is due in great part to the business tact and ability of its financial committee.

An international Maritime Exhibition, on a very extensive scale, will be held in Havre next year. It will be under the patronage of the Emperor of the French, and will be open from the 1st of June to the 31st of October. The exhibition will comprise forty-three classes; twenty-three of which will be devoted to shipping, ten to various articles of commerce, five to fishing vessels and appliances, one to pisciculture, and four to supplementary and miscellaneous objects. There will also be a saltwater aquarium on a vast scale. Demands for space must be made to the Direction of the Exhibition, Hôtel de Ville, Havre.

The *National Intelligencer* of Washington says that neither Judge Black or Mr. Seward contributes to that paper, except "solitary historical references."

"THE best of all financial schemes is to lessen expense, as the best of all taxes is the smallest tax." Such was the maxim of the economist Fay. And the *Evening Post* justly observes that before we go into currency tinkering or launch into new financial experiments, we should make a most thorough, searching and rigid reduction of expenditures in every department of the Government, foreign and domestic, civil and military, regular and miscellaneous. Mr. McCulloch estimates these, for next year, at \$242,000,000, but it ought not be difficult to reduce them to \$150,000,000.

Among things desirable is the conversion of our existing debts into a single, uniform fund, to be called the "Consolidated Debt of the United States," at five per cent. interest, principal and interest payable in gold—the interest quarterly and the principal after ten and within forty years. The characteristics of this debt should be that its bonds shall range in amount from fifty to one thousand dollars; that in consideration of the low rate of interest they will be exempted from taxation, state or national; that they may be ex-

changed, at any time, at par, for the five-twenty bonds, legal-tender notes and compound-interest notes; and that they are to exclusively used as securities for banks.

SENATOR WILSON of Massachusetts, in a recent speech before the Soldiers' and Sailors' Union, in Washington, alluded to the National debt as follows:

"We must remember that it came upon us because we were determined to save our country. It is the price of our liberties. True policy requires that the present properly and people should not pay that debt. We have already paid \$1,500,000,000. We are increasing at the rate of three per cent. per annum in property, and in forty-five or fifty years the debt can be paid, and not a single dollar come from the present people, or property—forty-five years hence the debt will be the merest trifle in the world. This generation has done enough—it has paid the debt in blood. Let us pay the interest, and let the principal be paid by the growing wealth and prosperity of the country."

THE fashionable world of the metropolis enjoyed, on the 18th ult., the pleasing excitement of a wedding in high life. The occasion was the marriage of Colonel Elliott F. Shepard to the daughter of Wm. H. Vanderbilt, Esq., and grand-daughter of the well-known Commodore Vanderbilt. The church of the Incarnation, in Madison Avenue, was the scene of the nuptial ceremony. As a matter of course, the holy edifice was thronged with the *élite* of the city. There were present Governor Fenton and his family, Colonel N. W. Thorn, Judge Roosevelt, Mr. Vanderbilt Allen, and numerous representatives of the Fifth Avenue and other fashionable localities. The streets in the vicinity were lined with carriages for a quarter of a mile, and the utmost capacity of the church was taxed to accommodate the eager throngs. The bride's dress, of white silk and rich lace, was pronounced by the appreciative to be a miracle of beauty and costliness—a fact which may be realized when we say that the bridal veil cost eight hundred dollars. The bridesmaids, the Misses Sherman, Van Doren, Sandford and Corlies, enhanced the attraction of the occasion with their loveliness and the elegance of their toilets. For an hour previous to the ceremony the swelling tones of the organ entertained the company with favorite operatic music. The Rev. Dr. Cook and Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., officiated, Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt giving his daughter away. After the ceremony, the bride and bridegroom proceeded to the residence of Mr. Vanderbilt, No. 420 Fifth Avenue, where, for several hours, the street was blocked up with carriages conveying thousands of invited guests to the reception of the happy couple.

Newark, N. J., has been the scene of considerable excitement for several days past, in consequence of a report that the name of Peter Mead, a broker, doing business on Broad street, had been struck from the list of authorized claim-agents by the Paymaster-General. For a period of nearly two years Mr. Mead has devoted himself particularly to the settlement, or at least promises of settlement, of soldiers' claims against the Government, and as yet very few returns have been made. The opinion generally entertained among the soldiers is, that the agent has duly received the bounty and other moneys to which they were entitled, and has invested them to answer certain private purposes. On different occasions Mead's office has been besieged by a crowd of infuriated ex-soldiers, and but for the timely arrival of the police, no doubt the place would have been thoroughly gutted. It is to be hoped that Mead, who has absconded to parts unknown, may be apprehended, and if the charges preferred against him are true, brought to punishment for swindling the gallant boys in blue out of their hard-earned moneys.

From the furthest confines of Asia comes the intelligence of the death of a veteran and gallant naval officer of the United States. Rear-Admiral Henry H. Bell was drowned at the mouth of the river Osaka, in Japan, while attempting to cross the bar in a boat. The Admiral was a North Carolinian, and entered the navy in 1823. His services during the late war, especially on the occasion of the capture of New Orleans, were such as to render him conspicuous in the list of naval heroes. He was in command of the Asiatic Squadron when so suddenly called to a watery grave. For forty-three years he had worn the uniform of the United States, and twenty-three years of that time he had spent at sea, to be buried at last beneath its bosom.

The life of a city car conductor is, at the best, no enviable one; but when, to the toil and annoyance to which he is subjected in his not very remunerative vocation, is added the danger of assassination, it is but just to appeal to some protective influence on his behalf. The case of Thomas F. Lavelle, who was murdered on the platform of his car on Monday, the 17th inst., presents peculiar features. He was a young man of talent and education, the brother of the Rev. Patrick Lavelle, a priest well-known and much esteemed in Ireland. Reverse of fortune compelled him to accept temporarily the position of conductor on the Seventh Avenue line, but he had been only two days employed in that capacity when he was struck down by the knife of the assassin. In view of the fact that he died in the performance of his duty, leaving a wife and children in destitute circumstances, we suggest that it would be no more than just for the Seventh Avenue Railroad Company to make some provision for his bereaved family.

When the skies have been cloudless during the evenings of the past week, many people might have been seen in the city of New York, and, we presume, in other localities, gazing heavenward, to behold the spectacle of Jupiter in conjunction with Venus. The two beautiful stars are indeed at present in close companionship, and there are astronomers—or, perhaps, we should say astrologists—who have predicted all sorts of storms, hurricanes and phenomena of nature from this apparent proximity of the Stellar Thunderer and the Queen of Love. But, in reference to that astral beauty, Venus, a more important event is entered in the books as coming off, not to-morrow, nor yet the next day, nor even so soon as to-morrow twelve-month; but as surely as Time makes the music of the spheres by turning the cranks of their respective barrels—they do not want St. Peter to wind them up, or Byron romanced in some naughty verses—so surely will that phenomenon occur when the spheres have performed their due number of revolutions. It is the Transit of Venus across the disk of the Sun—a would-be eclipse of the Sun by Venus; an attempt, in short, on the part of the morning star, Lucifer, or l'Etoile du Berger, to deprive us of the light of day. The questions at issue to be decided by this event are—Where we are? and, as a corollary therefrom, How much we weigh? "We" being not merely you and I (although our weight, of course, does count for something), but

We, the Planet Earth and our satellite, the Moon, traveling together in friendly company round, and round, and round the Sun. "Where we are," moreover, includes Where the Sun is—a matter by no means so clear as the public fancy. The school-books give his distance from us as ninety-five millions of miles, to a furlong. But people, who have got past their school-books, dispute about several millions, more or less. It is understood, however, that whether the Sun be eventually brought forward or pushed further back by future calculations, he is to light and warm us all the same, pretty much as heretofore. His exact distance is to be determined by the transits of Venus, which are to take place on the 8th of December, 1874, and on the 6th of December, 1882, respectively. If we fail in satisfying our scruples then, another chance will be offered to us on the 8th of June, 2004, and on the 8th of June, 2012.

The appointment of Mr. Anson Burlingame by the Chinese Government as its first ambassador to Christian Powers, may be considered a compliment to our nationality, or rather to that tact and shrewdness of Americans as individuals, which enables them to take advantage of opportunities at home and abroad. So far as Mr. Burlingame is personally concerned, the appointment demonstrates that his conduct, while representing our national interests abroad, was peculiarly satisfactory to the Chinese and their rulers. The idea of the embassy seems to have been suggested by speeches delivered at a dinner tendered to Mr. Burlingame by Prince Kung, upon his expressing his purpose of resigning his post as Minister of the United States. All the Members of Foreign Affairs being present, several mandarins eulogized their guest for the services he had done China during his visit to Europe and America in 1865. Reflecting upon his services in the past, it was judged that he could be serviceable in the future; and two days after the dinner a deputation of high officials waited upon him, and tendered him the embassy. Mr. Burlingame accepted, on condition that the embassy "should be placed in all respects on a footing of the highest respectability," and a week afterward received his credentials, written on yellow silk, and bearing the great seal of the empire. Mr. Burlingame probably sailed from Shanghai for San Francisco on the 15th. After spending some time at Washington, he will visit the capitals of England, France, Holland, Belgium, Prussia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Russia.

Probably so long as the Republic shall last the anniversary of the birthday of George Washington will be marked in the calendar as a holiday; but it is still more important that the occasion should retain, for all time, its holiday sentiment in the hearts of the people. Everywhere throughout the country more or less notice seems to be taken of the day, but it sometimes happens, and especially in the great cities, that a lack of earnestness and of universality is apparent in the celebration. After the ordeal of civil strife through which the Republic has passed, the popular veneration for the Father of the Country should be rather increased than diminished, and the 22d of February should be marked as next in importance among the holidays after the Fourth of July.

A grand union celebration of the 136th anniversary of the birthday of Washington by the temperance organizations of New York and vicinity took place at Cooper Institute on the evening of the 22d ult. The exercises consisted of singing, declamations and interesting addresses, and were conducted in a manner that insured the success of the enterprise. The proceeds of the entertainment are to be appropriated to the Institute of Reward for Orphans of Patriots, which is conferring a vast amount of good upon the orphan representatives of our patriot dead.

The Seventy-ninth Regiment of Highlanders celebrated their ninth annual ball at Irving Hall, on Friday evening, February 21st. The decorations of the hall exceeded in taste and elegance those of previous occasions of a similar nature, and the members of the regiment departed themselves on the dancing-floor with the same gallantry that won them renown upon the battle-field.

The Present and Coming Theatrical Week.

AFTER all, as we more than half supposed might chance to be the case, the goodly city of New York has not been blessed with a double dose of opera during the past week. Mr. L. F. Harrison has assumed the management of the Maretzek troupe, and having joined Parpa-Rosa to its previous elements, has commenced a spring season in conjunction with Mr. Pike. "Norma" was to have been performed on Monday evening. We have also to chronicle the return of the "Grand Duchess of Gerolstein," and her re-appearance at the French Theatre, after having retired with the *titlle* of Washington, Philadelphia, and Baltimore.

With this exception, things theatrical remain nearly *in statu quo*, with little or indeed nothing of change to enable the *feuilletoniste* to make an interesting article.

It is true indeed that the "peerless" Maggie Mitchell is now in her last week but one, and that charming little bundle of genius and incapacity, Lotta, will have terminated, before the public have the pleasure of reading the present chat about nothing in particular, her too brief engagement. She however yields her place to an old New York favorite upon both the fashionable and unfashionable side of the city, Mr. Chanfrau, who re-appears in the comedy which is now as identified with his name as "Moss" formerly was—De Walden's "Sam." We may not unsuitably ask, how it is that the dramatic section of the community have heard so little of Mr. De Walden's name during the past year? As one of our most popular dramatists, he must surely have some new piece upon the stocks which will be enjoyed as thoroughly as his naïvely absurd "Sam." Who is the manager that will give it to us?

We may, however, tell the lovers of dramatic sensation that Mr. Hayes is preparing a novelty for them.

It is neither ancient nor modern drama—neither tragedy, comedy, farce, spectacle, ballet, nor burlesque. It is neither more nor less than a real and genuine old-fashioned English pantomime. This is an undoubted novelty, or within our memory nothing of the sort has been offered us at any first-class theatre, and we warn parents, uncles and aunts, god-fathers and godmothers, that their purses must be largely depleted, in order to answer the demands of the juvenile portion of our population. Let the little ones think of it, as well as all those whose hearts and brains have not stepped along the road of life as speedily as their bodies have been doing. The parti-colored *Harlequin*, and the genial *Columbus*, the *Clown*, with his pranks and tricks for other people's property, and the *Pantaloon*, with his innate grumaces and feeble legs, the transformations, and the changes—the serious oddity of the commencing drama, and the gorgeous scenic splendor of the conclusion, will all make their *début* upon our modern stage, and if placed upon it as thoroughly as Mr. Hayes knows how to do, will decidedly be one of the great hits of the season.

In addition to this, the first appearance in New York for many years of Mrs. Frances Kemble, the last of a great histrionic race, to which we alluded last week as about to occur, is already announced to take place on March 2. It is true she will only appear at the reader's desk, but when those who have heard her read, recall her wonderful variety of power, it will at once be felt that a delight of the highest class is in store for them. The four plays she gives in her series are "Coriolanus," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Tempest," and "King Lear." As a reader of Shakespeare, Mrs. Kemble has stood alone, ever since she has read in public. None have approached, or can in any way approach her, and these four plays, in the variety and contrast of their character, and their strongly marked individuality, constitute an admirable and scholar-like selection.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul gave a *bal d'artistes* in London, recently, to their professional friends, at which about a hundred ladies and gentlemen connected with the musical and dramatic art assisted. Among the arrangements of the evening a little concert was given, at which many distinguished artists assisted; and Prince Troubetzkoy, a cousin of the present Emperor of Russia, appeared as a solo pianist, and performed with a delicacy and finish that fairly surpassed the professional musicians assembled. The *salon* at St. John's Wood, where the ball took place, was daintily decorated with lace and flowers; and the toilets of the various actresses present were marvels of taste and elegance. All assembled pronounced it the jolliest ball of the season.

ART GOSSIP.

Mr. S. I. GUY has nearly finished a picture of "Little Red Riding-Hood and the Wolf," a subject which, although by no means new, yet admits of much variety of conception and treatment. The child, as represented by Mr. Guy, is of the half-timid, half-confiding character appropriate to the subject. She leans upon the fence by the roadside, and innocently points out to the catlike wolf the road that leads to her grandmother's house; and it is in the expression of simplicity imparted to the child that the principal charm of this brilliant little picture lies.

"The Last Gleam" is the title given by Mr. William Hart to a large landscape of Vermont scenery, on which he has been engaged for some time past, and to which he has just put the finishing touches. Broad, transparent shade covers the whole foreground of the picture, and, touching this beyond, there falls a gleam of light from the setting-sun, gilding a portion of the middle-ground with a luminous glow. Beyond the grain-fields and pastoral stretches of meadow-land, wooded hills arise to the left; and to the right of the composition is seen a brook, bordered with willows and alders, some large, massive trees being grouped together nearer still. The freshness of a summer shower just past is on the foreground vegetation, the details of which are wonderfully varied and natural. Light and transparency are given to the shade in which the foreground is enveloped by a pool in the road, and the reflections from the group of cattle standing in it; and there is over the whole picture a charming spell of the repose and warmth characteristic of a pleasant summer evening.

Mr. John A. Hows is at work on a picture for the spring exhibition of the Academy of Design. It is a wild forest scene—a misty "Morning in the Woods," with a shanty and some figures under the pine trees in the foreground.

"The Height of the Season at Long Branch," a large composition of a moonlight scene at that fashionable watering-place, has just been finished by Mr. C. G. Rosenberg, and will soon be placed on public exhibition.

"Gulliver's Travels"—a book which all of us have read, and none of us forgotten—has suggested to Mr. Marcus Waterman a subject for a picture lately finished by him. The picture is a somewhat large one, and the passage selected by the artist is the tying down of Gulliver by the astonished little folks of Lilliput. Gulliver unwieldy form is nearly concealed from view by the immense crowd of small figures that throng around, and even venture to clamber over it. All is busy, and holiday-like, and bustling with carnival abandon. The little folks are somewhat of the fairy-like variety, conveying the idea that the Lilliputians, though little, were wealthy; and the spirit of Swift's satire has been well carried out by the artist in the tremendous ado made by them about Gulliver. This picture will probably be on view at the next exhibition of the Academy of Design.

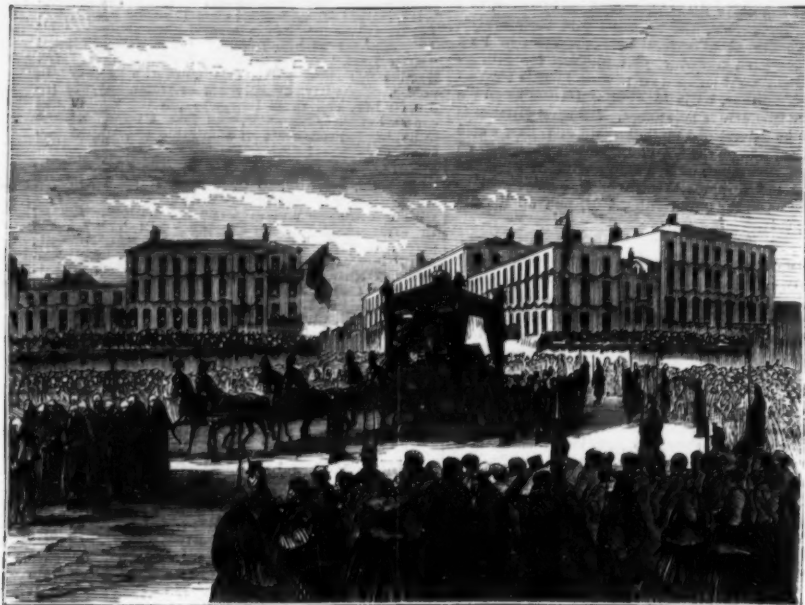
Mr. Stanton Holding Possession of the War Office During the Night of 21st and 22nd ult.

MR. SECRETARY, or ex-Secretary Stanton—opinions are divided on the subject of the title—has become a personage toward whom irresistibly the curious glances of the people concentrate, as the rays of the sun passing through a convex lens will come to a focus upon any object, great or small. Mr. Stanton has at least the virtue of firmness, of persistence, or, as some may call it, of obstinacy, and it is with that characteristic abundantly exhibited that we represent him in our engraving. The conflict between President Johnson and the National Congress in regard to the Secretaryship of War constitutes a chapter in the history of the republic that, at the present time, is of intense interest to the public. Without discussing the political merits of the question, which it is not our province to do, we cannot do less than illustrate the remarkable incident of Mr. Stanton keeping vigil at the midnight hour in the War Office, a grim sentinel guarding the treasures of official position, and ready to maintain possession against all comers. On the night of the 21st ult. Mr. Stanton mounted guard in his sanctum, and remained there, watchful and fearless, till the morning. Whatever may be said of the controversy relating to the Secretaryship of War, the position is no sinecure. Let us hope, for the sake of the dignity of the republic, that it will soon be determined who is the legitimate incumbent.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE POLLOCK, when a boy, was placed under Dr. Roberts at St. Paul's school. A story is related that young Pollock, fancying he was wasting his time there, intimated to the headmaster that he should not stay; and that the doctor, who was desirous of keeping so promising a lad, thereupon became so cross and disagreeable, that one day the youth wrote him a note saying he should not return. The doctor sent the note to the father, who called on him to express his regret at his son's determination, adding that he had advised him not to send the note. Upon which the doctor broke out:

"Ah, sir, you'll live to see that boy hanged." The doctor, on meeting Mrs. Pollock some years after his pupil had obtained University honors and professional success, congratulated her on her son's good fortune, adding, quite unconscious of the humorous contrast:

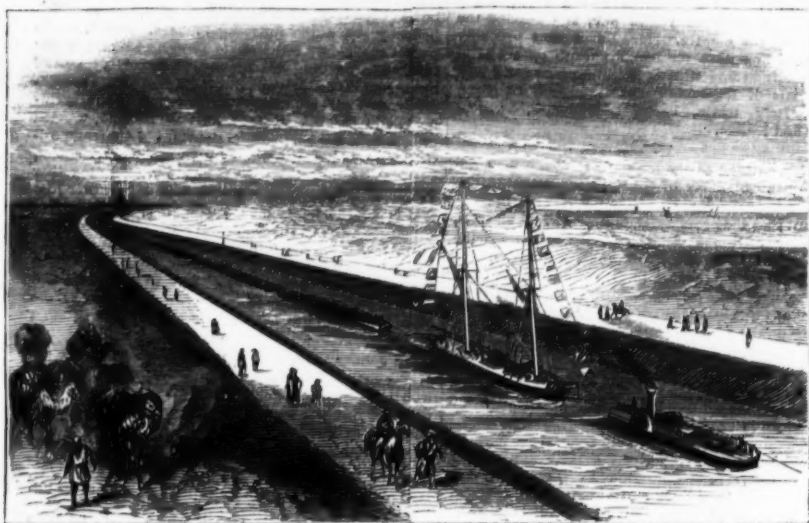
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.



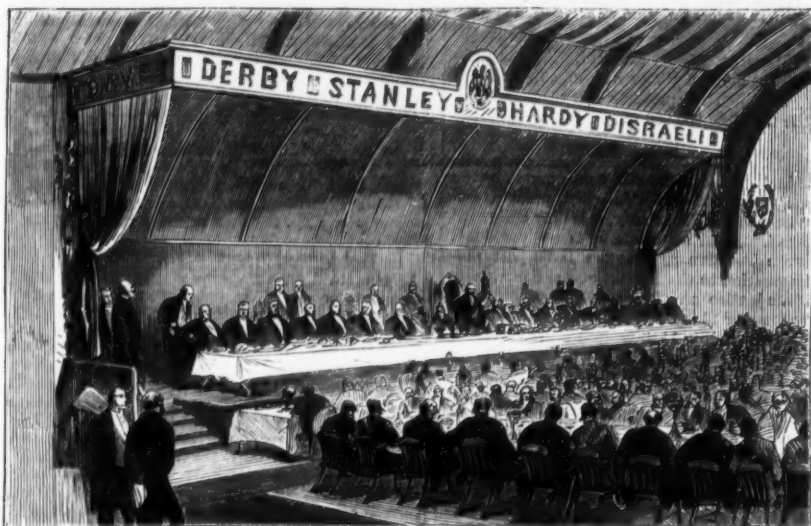
RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AT TRIESTE, AUSTRIA—FUNERAL PROCESSION TO THE RAILWAY STATION.



BENEDICTION OF THE BODY OF MAXIMILIAN IN THE CHURCH OF THE CAPUCHINS, VIENNA, AUSTRIA.



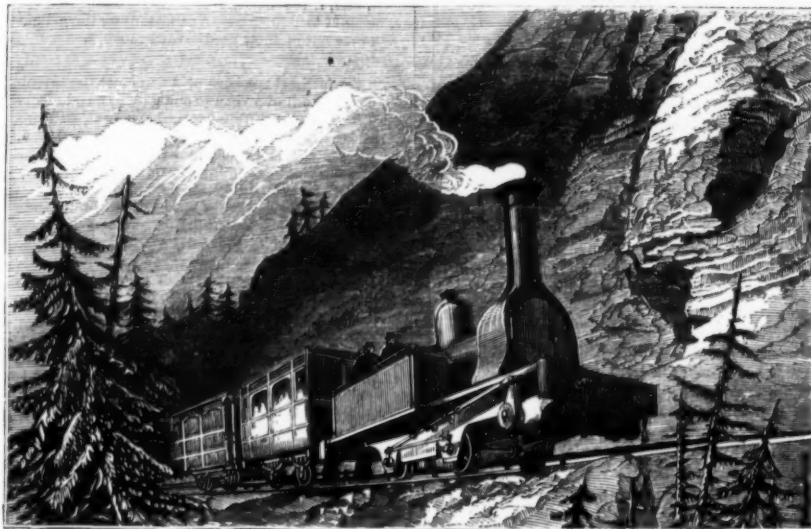
THE SUEZ CANAL, EGYPT—CONVOY OF COAL BARGES FROM ISMAILIA TO SUEZ.



THE CONSERVATIVE BANQUET TO HER MAJESTY'S MINISTERS AT BRISTOL, ENGLAND.



THE ROYAL MILITARY COLLEGE AT SANDHURST, ENGLAND, AFTER THE LATE FIRE.



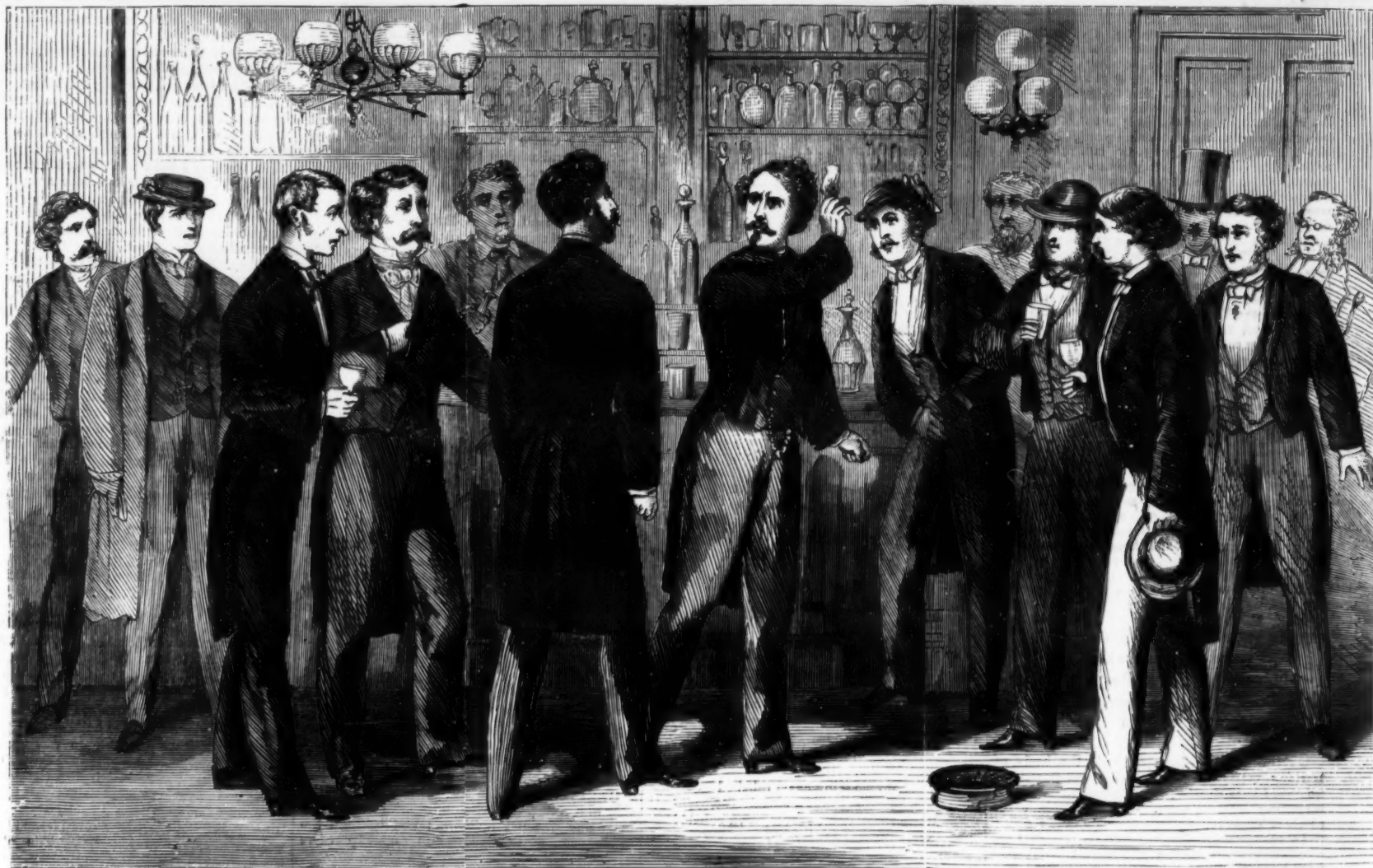
LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE WITH HORIZONTAL EXTRA WHEELS FOR THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY, ACROSS THE ALPS.



SCENE AT THE GRAND MONT DE PIÉTÉ (PAWNBROKER'S), PARIS.



THE POOR CHILDREN OF THE FAUBOURG ST. ANTOINE, PARIS, SUPPLIED WITH FOOD, IN THE PRESENCE OF THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.



THE CHILD WIFE—"IT'S A LIE!"—SEE PAGE 390.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Obsequies of Maximilian, late Emperor of Mexico—The Funeral Procession at Trieste—The Benediction at the Church of the Capuchins, Vienna, Austria.

We give to-day two engravings, one representing the conveyance of the remains of the late Archduke Maximilian from the Mole to the railway-station at Trieste, Austria; the other the benediction of the body of the deceased prince at the Church of the Capuchins, in Vienna. At the church were assembled the Emperor Francis Joseph, the Archdukes, Francis Charles, Charles-Louis, Louis-Victor, Ferdinand, Grand Duke of Tuscany, and all the princes and high dignitaries of the empire. The foreign governments were nearly all represented, the church being too small to contain the vast assemblage that sought admittance. The deepest emotion was exhibited when the body of the prince was deposited in the tomb of the Hapsburgs, his last resting-place after his eventful and sorrowful career.

The Suez Canal, Egypt—Convoy of Coal-Barges being Towed from Ismailia to Suez.

The canal across the Isthmus of Suez, though not yet fully completed for general navigation, is already suffi-

ciently advanced for the transportation of merchandise and supplies from sea to sea. Our engraving represents a convoy that has just left Ismailia, a city in the centre of the Isthmus, and is proceeding toward Suez by the fresh water canal. It will be seen that the tugboats tow ships as well as barges. The schooner represented is the *Suzette*, a vessel of 100 tons, from Marseilles, which passed from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea in the canal. The town in the distance is Ismailia, containing 5,000 inhabitants. It is the real capital of the Isthmus, built in the desert, at the junction of the maritime canal with that formed of the fresh water of the Nile, on the borders of Lake Timsah. On the 1st of October, 1869, it is expected that the canal will be opened for general navigation.

Destruction by Fire of the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, England.

On the morning of January 22d the Sandhurst Military College was destroyed by fire. The amount of damage was immense, the whole left wing being reduced to ruins. Most of the valuables were removed from the several rooms, including the papers of the paymaster and quartermaster; but it is stated that a bond for £5,000 is missing. Our engraving represents the condition of the edifice after the fire.

Scene at the Grand Mont de Piété, or Pawnbroker's Office, Paris, France.

During the recent severe cold weather in Paris, and

the consequent suffering of the indigent population the Emperor Napoleon ordered the various depots of the *Mont de Piété*, or pawnbrokers' shops, to announce that clothing or bedding deposited by destitute customers should be restored to their owners on application, according to a recognized form. To understand this proceeding on the part of the Emperor, it must be borne in mind that in France the pawnbroker is a government official, the *Mont de Piété* is a bureau—a public office for the advance of State money—and is included in the enumeration of government charities. There are twenty-five offices of the *Mont de Piété* in Paris, which annually receive 1,400,000 pledges, and distribute from \$4,000,000 to \$5,000,000 in loans. In all France there are forty-five of these institutions, which are of unquestionable advantage to the poor. Our engraving represents a scene at one of the offices on the promulgation of the Emperor's order.

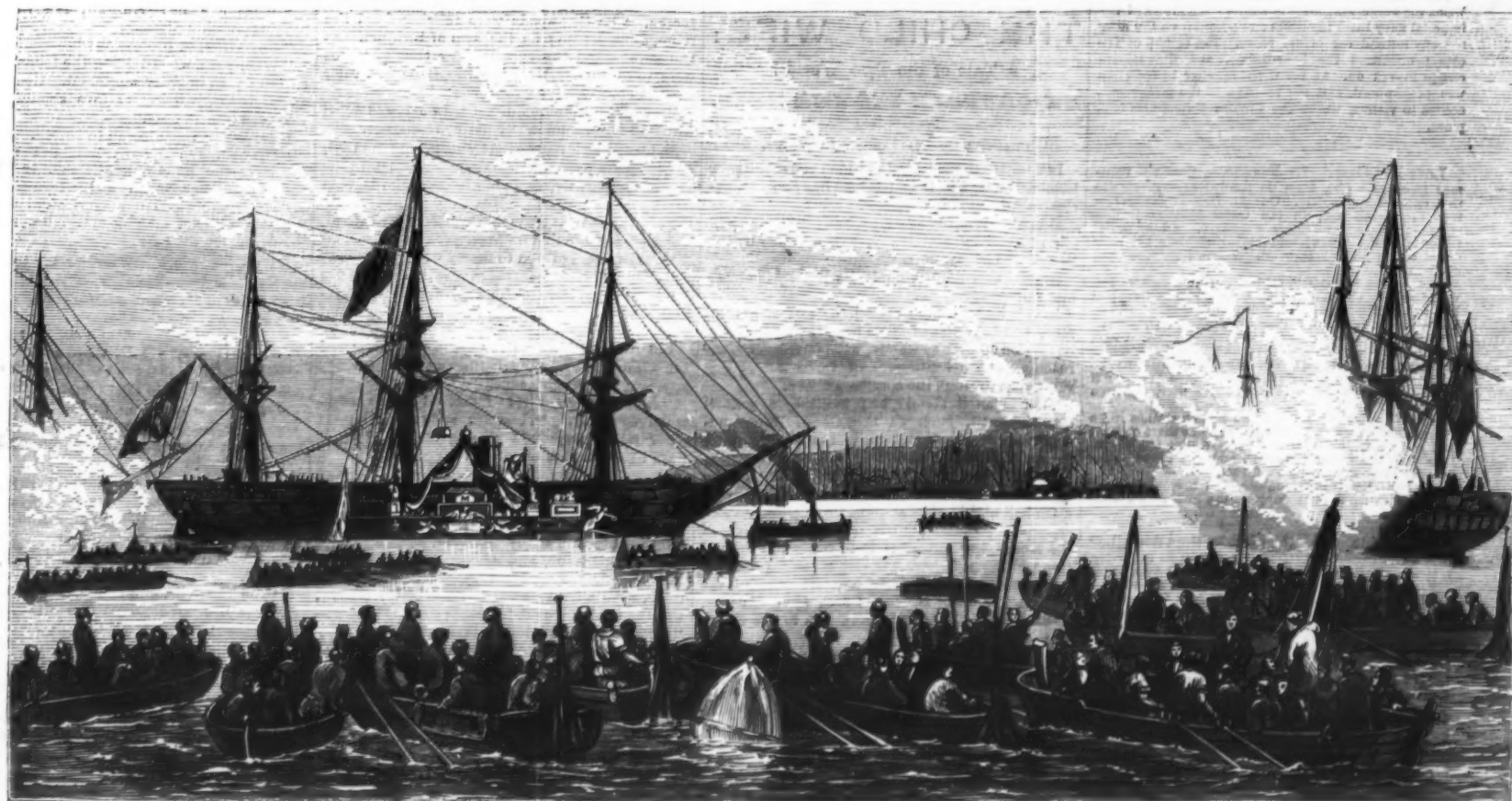
The Conservative Banquet to Her Majesty's Ministers at Bristol.

The Conservative Association of Bristol gave a grand entertainment to Her Majesty's Ministers on the 22nd of January, in the spacious drill-hall of the Bristol Volunteer Corps. The banquet hall was handsomely decorated, and the best of feeling prevailed among the invited guests during the exercises of the interesting occasion. It was estimated that at least one thousand persons partook of the sumptuous collation, and that

with the ladies who thronged the galleries there were over fifteen hundred persons in attendance. The chair was occupied by the Duke of Beaufort, K. G., and the Ministry were ably represented by Lord Stanley, Sir John Pakington, Gathorne Hardy, and Colonel Taylor. Many leading members of the Houses of Parliament were also present. In reply to the toast, "Her Majesty's Ministers," Lord Stanley said on the situation of Ireland: "What, I won't say the Irish peasant, but a considerable number of the Irish peasantry, want, is, not compensation for improvements, which not one in a hundred ever makes, but to be transferred without payment from yearly tenants into owners of the soil. Now that is a demand which I cannot conceive under any circumstances that a British Legislature can assent to."

Locomotive Engine, with Horizontal Extra Wheels, for the Mont Cenis Railway, Across the Alps.

The railway over the Alps at Mont Cenis, between Savoy and Piedmont, will soon be opened for public travel. The rails were laid last year, and the trial trip on August 26 was quite successful, the whole journey being accomplished at the rate of about nine miles an hour, with two carriages, containing sixty persons, with perfect safety and facility, over the steepest gradients on this line. The rise between St. Michel and Lanala, bourg, a distance of twenty-five miles, is 1,904 feet, or



ARRIVAL OF THE BODY OF THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN AT TRIESTE, AUSTRIA, ON BOARD THE FRIGATE NOVARRA—TRANSFERING THE BODY TO THE FLOATING CATAFALQUE.—SEE PAGE 390.

at the average rate of 70 feet in the mile; but the real ascent of the mountain commences at Lanslebourg. From there to the summit, six miles and one-third, it is necessary to mount 2,171 feet, or at the continuous rate of 360 feet in the mile. The steepest incline that an engine on the ordinary system of railway can ascend is 1 in 25, or 211 feet in the mile; but then its weight becomes so great that it becomes practically useless. Mr. Fell adopts a third, or centre rail, upon which adhesion is obtained by the pressure of horizontal wheels, worked by the engine in conjunction with the ordinary perpendicular wheels. This plan enables the weight of the engine to be reduced to a minimum, in consequence of the extraordinary increase of power developed by the action of the horizontal wheels on the centre rail. Mr. Fell's engines are able to mount with ease gradients of 1 in 12, or twice as steep as the steepest gradient that an ordinary engine can surmount. This plan adds also to safety, as it is impossible for the engine or train ever to get off the line. Our engraving represents an engine and train going round a curve of forty yards. This it is able to do with perfect ease and safety, whilst on the ordinary system it would not be safe to go round, at anything like speed, curves of less than 400 yards' radius.

Distribution of Food to Poor Children in the Presence of the Empress Eugenie, at the House Eugene-Napoleon, Paris, France.

The winter in Paris has been very severe, and has occasioned much suffering among the poorer classes. The Empress Eugenie, who in her benevolence is well worthy her exalted position, has been very liberal and earnest in administering to the wants of the destitute. An establishment called the *Maison Eugene-Napoleon* has been founded under her supervision, for the gratuitous distribution of food to the needy children of the *Faubourg St. Antoine*. The empress recently assisted in person at one of the repasts provided at this establishment, and our engraving represents the imperial almsgiver fulfilling her mission of charity.

Arrival of the Body of Maximilian at Trieste, Austria—The Coffin Conveyed from the Frigate Novara on the Floating Catafalque.

On the 16th of January last, the body of Maximilian, late Emperor of Mexico, was transferred from the frigate *Novara*, in the harbor of Trieste, to the railway depot on shore. It was a sad day for the people of Trieste, with whom the unfortunate prince was a great favorite. The city was in mourning; the shops and places of business were closed; the churches were hung with funeral emblems; salves of artillery pealed from the forts and the shipping, and the inhabitants crowded to the mole to witness the disembarkation. The civil and military authorities, the grand dignitaries of the empire, the deputies of the Diet of Agram, with Bishop Soté at their head, in fact all official personages, assembled to do honor to the occasion. Upon the arrival of the imperial family, represented by the Archdukes Charles, Louis-Victor, Leopold, and Ernest, the barge bearing the coffin left the *Novara*, at half-past nine, A. M., and towed by a small steamer, silently proceeded toward the San Carlo Mole.

All eyes were directed toward the floating coffin. The barge, 60 feet long by 14 in width, was decorated with the representation of a crouching lion, and an angel in silver, bearing two crowns, and a pall of black cloth fringed with silver and ornamented with the crown, covered the catafalque. The Mexican coffin had been enclosed within one of copper, covered with red velvet bordered in gold. The imperial family placed on the coffin a crown with three inscriptions:

To the valiant hero!
To the beloved brother!
To the good Christian!

To right and left of the coffin, upon cushions of black velvet bordered with silver, were placed the crown of Mexico, the Austrian archducal hat, and the princely crown; also, the orders of St. Eugene, the imperial eagle, Guadalupe, and other dignities. There were also three other crowns: one presented by the garrison of Queretaro, another by the Governor of Gibraltar, and a third by the officers of the fleet of Pola.

The ceremonies of the disembarkation were imposing. When the barge reached the shore, the officers of the imperial navy lifted the coffin and placed it on the magnificent funeral car of the court. The bishop of Trieste pronounced the benediction, and the solemn cortege moved on. At the depot another benediction was pronounced, and the remains of the prince proceeded to Vienna, where the funeral ceremonies took place.

Lost His Girl.—In France, a paver's rammer is called a *girl*, from its fancied resemblance to that entertaining object. On the 16th of January, a man of middle age, in the Outer Boulevard, who seemed to be a respectable workman, and the moral father of a family, was found lamenting almost to tears a great loss he had suffered. A crowd gathered and sympathized.

"Yes, it is horrible," said he, "for some wicked wretches have stolen my girl. Fifteen years I have had her, and just now, when I left her for a few minutes in the stone-yard—*qu'elle a disparu*—she's disappeared!"

"But why don't you make researches—run and look in the canal—who knows what may have happened—accidents take place so quickly. How was she dressed?"

The unfortunate loser stared at his sympathizers as if he thought they must have lost their senses, and then groaned:

Dressed! Maybe you think she had on clothes and a six-inch hat with a veil. Devil a rag was there on her! Tell you what, *Mademoiselle* didn't require any wraps. I just took her under the arms, and you ought to see how she made the paving-stones set."

The crowd burst into laughter, and a collection was taken up, which at once supplied the man with a fresh *demoiselle*.

The Princess Metternich is thus described in a Paris periodical: "She is said not to be pretty. Listen to the enumeration of her beauties: eyes which have the sweetness of a German reverie; teeth of brightest enamel; a forehead smooth and clear as an infant's; high and wide as that of a thinker; and abundant silky brown hair. People seem not to notice two particular beauties of her Austrian Highness—the form of her head, as Greek as that of the Venus of Milo; her ear like a pink shell—whereas, every one does justice to the beautiful fall of her shoulders, the exquisite form of her arm, the long aristocratic hands, and the narrow, dainty foot. Be she dressed in blue, red, or yellow; be she coiffed with her tresses over her eyes, or with a serpent-de-ville's cap, as she appeared one day at the Tuileries—she is said now to resemble a princess; and there are not many now. Witty, with a heart of gold, and extremely charitable, she is the adoration of the workmen's families; she visits in the *Faubourg St. Antoine*; jumping the children on her knees, washing them, sitting on a stool; there are not others enough—such is the woman. Devotedly and fondly attached to a good man—Prince de Metternich—such is the wife."

BEFORE THE ALTAR.

To-night I saw her. She was there
Before the altar, kneeling low;
The light seemed tangled in her hair,
And kissed her neck of snow.

I heard the organ's throbbing hymn;
It seemed as if some pulse of woe
Was stealing through the twilight dim—
One thrilled my heart, I know.

I saw her lips, in silent words,
Repeating o'er a heartfelt prayer,
And for one moment, one, I heard,
A sigh upon the air.

I saw great teardrops stealing down
Her cheeks, whose bloom was hid in snow,
And trembling on the lashes brown,
Whose fringes drooped so low.

I knew she asked for help to bear
The bitter load of human life,
The weight of woe and weary care—
Her heart and soul at strife.

Her heart kept whispering through its pain,
Its restless longing, o'er and o'er;
Its wants and wishes, always vain,
For love it knew no more.

Her soul kept praying all the while
For strength to bear its daily cross;
To go her way with patient smile
When thinking of her loss.

It seemed as though some holy balm
Dropped healing on her wounded heart,
For o'er her face there stole a calm
Heaven only can impart.

I think she felt my presence then;
She lifted up her tearful eyes,
And looked into my face again
With calm, yet sad surprise.

God help me if my heart rebelled
One moment at His wise decree,
When those sweet eyes my own beheld!
But she was not for me.

She smiled, the smile a saint might wear,
It touched me like an angel's kiss;
It seemed that Heaven lingered there
To wrap her in its bliss.

I knew, when looking in her face,
She put all sinful thoughts aside—
Thanked God sincerely for His grace,
Though love had been denied.

I, with my sinful, worldly heart,
Might never walk her saintly way;
Her goodness held us far apart—
Our lives were night and day.

She spoke not, but I think she sent
A prayer to heaven, on wings of faith,
That I might ponder and repent,
And rise from living death.

I know she longed to point the way
To higher life and better deeds;
To turn my darkness into day,
And show where duty leads.

Ah! me, sweet saint, you have your faith
To tell you what shall one day be.
I shudder when I think of death;
Your peace is not for me.

THE CHILD WIFE:

A Tale of the Two Worlds.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER XI.—BALL-ROOM EMOTIONS.

In addition to the "bar" at which you settle your hotel account, the Ocean House has another, exclusively devoted to drinking.

It is a snug, shady affair, partially subterranean, and reached by a stairway, trodden only by the worshippers of Bacchus.

Beyond this limited circle its locality is scarce known.

In this underground region the talk of gentlemen, who have waxed warm over their cups, may be carried on ever so rudely, without danger of its reaching the delicate ears of those fair sylphs skimming through the corridors above.

This is as it should be; befitting a genteel establishment, such as the Ocean House undoubtedly is; adapted, also, to the ascetic atmosphere of New England.

The Puritan prefers taking his drink "on the quiet."

On ball nights, the bar-room in question is more especially patronized; not only by the guests of the House, but outsiders from other hotels, and "the cottages."

Terpsichore is a thirsty creature—one of the best customers of Bacchus; and, after dancing, usually sends a crowd of worshippers to the shrine of the jolly god.

At the Ocean House balls, drink can be had upstairs, champagne and other light wines, with jellies and ices; but only underground are you permitted to do your imbibing to the accompaniment of a cigar.

For this reason many of the gentlemen dancers, at intervals, descended the stairway that led to the drinking saloon.

Among others, was Maynard, smarting under his discomfiture.

"A brandy smash!" he demanded, pausing in front of the bar.

"Of all men, Dick Swinton!" soliloquized he, while waiting for the mixture. "It's true, then, that he's been turned out of his regiment! No more than he deserved, and I expected. Confound the scamp! I wonder what's brought him out here? Some card-sharper's expedition, I suppose—a *razzia* on the pigeon-roosts of America! Apparently under the patronage of Girdwood *noyé*, and evidently in pursuit of Girdwood *filles*. How has he got introduced to them? I'd bet high they don't know much about him."

"Brandy smash, mister!"

"Well!" he continued, as if tranquilized by a pull at the iced mixture and the narcotic smell of the mint. "It's no business of mine; and after what's passed, I don't intend making it. They can have him at their own price. *Caveat emptor*. For this little *contretemps*, I needn't blame him; though I'd give twenty dollars to have an excuse for tweaking his nose!"

Captain Maynard was anything but a quarrelsome man. He only thought in this strain, smarting under his humiliation.

"It must have been the doing of the mother, who for a son-in-law prefers Mr. Swinton to me? Ha! ha! ha! If she only knew him as I do!"

Another gulp out of the glass.

"But the girl was a consenting party. Clearly so; else why should she have hung fire about giving me an answer! Out out by Dick Swinton! The devil!"

A third pull at the brandy smash.

"Hang it! It won't do to declare myself defeated. They'd think so, if I didn't go back to the ball-room! And what am I to do there? I don't know a single feminine in the room; and to wander about like some forlorn and forsaken spirit would but give them a chance for sneering at me. The ungrateful wretches! Perhaps I shouldn't be so severe on the little blonde. I might dance with her? But, no! I shall not go near them. I must trust to the stewards to provide me with something in the shape of a partner."

He once more raised the glass to his lips, this time to be emptied.

Then, ascending the stairs, he sauntered back to the ball-room.

He was lucky in his intercession with the gentlemen in rosettes. He chanced upon one to whom his name was not unknown; and through the intercession of this gentleman found partners in plenty.

He had one for every dance—waltz, quadrille, polka, and schottische—some of the "sweetest creatures" on the floor.

In such companionship he should have forgotten Julia Girdwood.

And yet he did not.

Strange she should continue to attract him! There were others fair as she—perhaps fairer; but throughout the kaleidoscope changes of that glittering throng, his eyes were continually searching for the woman who had given him only chagrin! He saw her dancing with a man he had good reason to despise—all night long dancing with him, observed by everybody, and by many admired.

In secret unpleasantness, Maynard watched this splendid woman; but it was the acme of bitterness when he saw her give ear to the whisperings of Richard Swinton, and lean her cheek upon his shoulder as they whirled around the room, keeping time to the voluptuous strains of the *Cellarius*!

Again occurred to him that same thought: "I'd give twenty dollars to have an excuse for tweaking his nose!"

He did not know that, at less cost, and without seeking it, he was near to the opportunity.

Perhaps he would have sought it, but for a circumstance that turned up, just in time to tranquilize him.

He was standing by the entrance, close to a set screen. The Girdwoods were retiring from the room, Julia leaning on the arm of Swinton. As she approached the spot he saw that her eyes were upon him. He endeavored to read their expression. Was it scornful? Or tender?

He could not tell. Julia Girdwood was a girl who had rare command of her countenance.

Suddenly, as if impressed by some bold thought, or perhaps a pang of repentance, she let go the arm of her partner, dropping behind, and leaving him to proceed with the others. Then swerving a little, so as to pass close to where Maynard stood, she said, in a hurried half-whisper:

"Very unkind of you to desert us!"

"Indeed!"

"You should have come back for an explanation," added she, reproachfully. "I could not help it."

Before he could make reply she was gone; but the accent of reproach left tingling in his ear was anything but disagreeable.

"A strange girl this!" muttered he, in astonished soliloquy. "Most certainly an original! After all, perhaps, not so ungrateful. It may have been due to the mother?"

CHAPTER XII.—"APRES LE BAL."

The ball was almost over; the fagged and flagging dancers rapidly retiring. The belles were already gone, and among them Julia Girdwood. Only the wall-flowers, yet comparatively fresh, were stirring upon the floor. To them it was the time of true enjoyment; for it is they who "dance all night till broad daylight."

Maynard had no motive for remaining after Miss Girdwood was gone. It was, in truth, she who had retained him. But with a spirit now stirred by conflicting emotions, there would be little chance of sleep; and he resolved, before retiring to his couch, to make one more sacrifice at the shrine of Bacchus.

With this intent, he again descended the stairway leading to the cellar saloon.

On reaching the basement, he saw that he had been preceded by a score of gentlemen, who, like himself, had come down from the ball-room.

They were standing in knots—drinking, smoking, conversing.

Scarcely giving any of them a glance, he stepped up to the bar, and pronounced the name of his drink—this time plain brandy and water.

While waiting to be served a voice arrested his attention. It came from one of three individuals, who, like himself, had taken stand before the counter, on which were their glasses.

The speaker's back was toward him; though sufficient of his whisker could be seen for Maynard to identify Dick Swinton.

His companions were also recognizable as the excursionists of the row-boat, whose dog he had peppered with duck-shot.

To Mr. Swinton, they were evidently recent acquaintances, picked up perhaps during the course of the evening; and they appeared to have taken as kindly to him as if they, too, had learnt, or suspected him to be a lord!

He was holding forth to them in that grand style of intonation, supposed to be peculiar to the English nobleman; though in reality but the conceit of the stage caricaturist, and Bohemian scribbler, who only know "my lord" through the medium of their imaginations.

Maynard thought it a little strange. But it was many years since he had last seen the man now near him; and as time produces some queer changes, Mr. Swinton's style of talking need not be an exception.

From the manner in which he and his two listeners were fraternizing, it was evident they had been some time before the bar. At all events they were sufficiently obfuscated not to notice new-comers, and thus he had escaped their attention.

He would have left them equally unnoticed, but for some words striking on his ear, that evidently bore reference to himself.

"By-the-way, sir," said one of the strangers, addressing Swinton, "if it's not making too free, may I ask you for an explanation of that little affair that happened in the ball-room?"

"Aw—aw; of what affair do yaw speak, Mr. Lucas?"

"Something queer—just before the first waltz. There was a dark-haired-girl with a diamond head-dress—the same you danced a good deal with—Miss Girdwood I believe her name is—and a fellow with mustache and imperial. The old lady, too, seemed to have a hand in it. My friend and I chanced to be standing close by, and saw there was some sort of a scene among you. Wasn't it so?"

"Scene—naw—naw. Only the fellow wanted to have a spin with the divine queetyaw, and the lady preferred dancing with yaw humble servant. That was all, gentlemen, I ashaw yaw."

"We thought there had been a difficulty between him and you. It looked devilish like it."

"Not with me. I believe there was a misunderstanding between him and the young lady. The truth is, he pwead a pwevious engagement, which she didn't seem to have upon her cawd. For my part I had nothin' to do with the fellow—absolutely nothing—did not even speak to him."

"You looked at him, though, and he at you? I thought you were going to have it out between you, there and then."

"Aw—aw; he understands me bettaw—that same individual."

"You knew him before, then?"

"Slightly, vewy slightly—a long time agaw."

"In your own country, perhaps? He appears to be an Englishman."

"Naw—not a bit of it. He's a demmed Irishman."

Maynard's ears were becoming rapidly hot.

"What was he on your side?" inquired the junior of Swinton's new acquaintances, who appeared quite as curious as the older one.

"What was he! Aw—aw, faw that matter nothing—nothing."

"No calling, or profession?"

"Wah, yas; when I knew the fellow he was an ensign in an infantry regiment. Not one of the cawck corps, yaw know? We should not have weccived him in ours."

Maynard's fingers began to twitch.

"Of course not," continued the "awell."

"I have the honaw, gentlemen, to bewong to the Gawds—Her Majesty's Dwagoon Gawds."

"He has been in our service—in one of the regiments raised for the Mexican war. Do you know why he left yours?"

"Well, gentlemen, it's not for me to speak too freely of a fellow's antecedents. I am usually cautious about such matters—vewy cautious, indeed."

"Oh, certainly; right enough," rejoined the rebuked inquirer; "I only asked because it seems a little odd that an officer of your army should have left it to take service in ours."

"If I knew anything to the fellow's gwedit," continued the Guardsman, "I should be most happy to communicate it. Unfortunately, I don't. Quite the contrary!"

Maynard's muscles—especially those of his dexter arm—were becoming fearfully contracted. It wanted but little to draw him into the conversation. One more such remark would be sufficient; and unfortunately for himself, Mr. Swinton made it.

"The truth is, gentlemen," said he, the drink perhaps having deprived him of his customary caution—"the truth is, that Mr. Ensign Maynard—or Captain Maynard, as I bewieve he now styles himself—was kicked out of the British service. Such was the weport, though I won't be responsible for its twuth."

"It's a lie!" cried Maynard, suddenly pulling off his kid glove, and drawing it sharply across his traducer's cheek. "A lie, Dick Swinton! And if not responsible for originating it, as you say, you shall be for giving it circulation. There never was such a report, and you know it, acoundrel!"

Swinton's cheek turned white, as the glove that

had smitten it; but it was the pallor of fear, rather than anger.

"Aw—indeed! you there, Mr. Maynard! Well—well; I'm sure—you say it's not true. And you've called me a scoundrel! And yaw struck me with yaw glove!"

"I shall repeat the word and the blow. I shall spit in your face, if you don't retract!"

"Wetwast!"

"Bah! there's been enough passed between us. I leave you time to reflect. My room is No. 209, on the fourth story. I hope you'll find a friend who won't be above climbing to it. My card, sir!"

Swinton took the card, and with fingers that showed trembling, gave his own in exchange.

While with a scornful glance, that comprehended both him and his acolytes, the other faced back to the bar; coolly completed his 'potation'; and, without saying another word, reascended the stairway.

"You'll meet him, won't you?" asked the older of Swinton's drinking companions.

It was not a very correct interrogatory; but, perhaps, judging by what had passed, the man who put it may have deemed delicacy superfluous.

"Of course—of course," replied he of Her Majesty's Horse Guards, without taking note of the rudeness. "Demmed awkward, too!" he continued, reflectingly. "I am here a stranger—no friend—"

"Oh, for that matter, interrupted Lucas, the owner of the Newfoundland dog, "there need be no difficulty. I shall be most happy to act as your second."

The man who thus readily volunteered his services, was an arrant a poltroon as could have been found about the fashionable hostelry in which the conversation was taking place—not excepting Swinton himself. He, too, had good cause for playing principal in a duel with Captain Maynard. But it was safer to be second; and no man knew this better than Louis Lucas.

It would not be the first time for him to act in this capacity. Twice before had he done so, obtaining by it a sort of borrowed *clat*, that was mistaken for bravery. For all this he was in reality a coward; and though smarting under his remembrance of his encounter with Maynard, he had allowed the thing to linger without taking further steps. The quarrel with Swinton was therefore in good time, and to his hand.

"Either I, or my friend here?" he asked.

"With pleasure," assented the other.

"Thanks, gentlemen; thanks, both! Exceedingly kind of you! But," continued Swinton in a hesitating manner, "I should be sorry to bring either of you into my scrape. There are some of my old comrades in Canada, serving with their regiments. I shall telegraph to them. And this fellow must wait. Now, dem it! let's drop the subject, and take another drink!"

All this was said with an air of assumed coolness, of which, not even the drinks already taken could cover the pretence. It was in truth but a subterfuge to gain time, and reflect upon some plan to escape without calling Maynard out.

There might be a chance, if left to himself; but once in the hands of another, there would be no alternative but stand up.

These were the thoughts rapidly coursing through Mr. Swinton's mind, while the fresh drinks were being prepared.

As the glass again touched his lips, they were white and dry; and the conversation between him, and his picked-up acquaintances, was continued on his part, with an air of abstraction that told of a terrible uneasiness.

It was only when oblivious with more drink that he assumed his swagger; but an hour afterward, as he staggered up-stairs, even the alcoholic "bumming" in his brain did not hinder him from having a clear recollection of the encounter with the "demmed Irishman!"

Once inside his own apartment, the air of the nobleman was suddenly abandoned. So, too, the supposed resemblance in speech. His talk was now that of a commoner—intoxicated. It was addressed to his valet, still sitting up to receive him.

A small antechamber on one side was supposed to be the sleeping-place of this confidential servant. Judging by the dialogue that ensued, he might be well called confidential. A stranger to the situation would have been surprised at listening to it.

"A pretty night you've made of it!" said the valet, speaking more in the tone of a master.

"Fact—fact—hic! you speak th' truth, Frank! No—not pretty night. The ver' reverse—a d—d—d ugly night."

"What do you mean, you sot?"

"Mean—mean! I mean the g—gig—game's up. 'Tis by G—G—God! Splend'd chance. Never have such 'nother. Million dollars! All spoiled—thanferna! fella!"

"What fellow?"

"Whodyspose I've seen—met him in the ball—ball—baroom—down below. Le's have another drink! Drinks all round—who's g—gig—going drink?"

"Try and talk a little straighter! What's this about?"

"Whas't 'bout? Whas'dbe about? Him—hic! 'bout him."

"Him! who?"

"Who—who—why, Maynard. Of course you know Maynard? B'long to the Thirty—Thirty—Don't reflect the number of regiment. No matter for that. He's here—the c—c—on'found'd cur."

"Maynard here!" exclaimed the valet, in a tone strange for a servant.

"B'shure he is! Straight as a trivet, curse him! Safe to spoil everything—make a reg'lar mucker of it."

"Are you sure it was he?"

"Sure—sure! I sh'd think so. He's give me good reason, c—curse 'im!"

"Did you speak to him?"

"Yes—yes."

"What did he say to you?"

"Not much said—not much. It's what he's—what he's done."

"What?"

"Devil of a lot—yes—yes. Never mind now."

Le's go to bed, Frank. Tell you all 'bout in the morning. Game's up, 'Tis by G—gig—God!"

As if incapable of continuing the dialogue—much less of undressing himself—Mr. Swinton staggered across to the bed; and, sinking down upon it, was soon snoring and asleep.

It might seem strange that the servant should lie down beside him, which he did.

Not after knowing that the little valet was his wife!

It was the amiable "Fan," who thus shared the couch of her inebriate husband.

CHAPTER XIII.—CHALLENGING THE CHALLENGER.

"In faith, I've done a very foolish thing," reflected the young Irishman, as he entered his dormitory, and flung himself into a chair. "Still there was no help for it. Such talk as that, even from a stranger like Dick Swinton, would play the deuce with me. Of course they don't know him here; and he appears to be playing a great part among them; no doubt plucking such half-fledged pigeons as those with him below."

Very likely he said something of the same to the girl's mother—to herself? Perhaps that's why I've been treated so uncourtously! Well, I have him on the hip now; and shall make him repent his incautious speeches. Kicked out of the British service! Lying ear, to have said it! To have thought of such a thing! And from what I've heard it's but a leaf from his own history! This may have suggested it. I don't believe he's any longer in the Guards; else what should he be doing out here? Guardsmen don't leave London and its delights without strong, and generally disagreeable, reasons. I'd lay all I've got he's been disgraced. He was on the edge of it, when I last heard of him."

He'll fight of course? He wouldn't if he could help it—I know the sweep well enough for that. But I've given him no chance to get out of it. A kid glove across the face, to say nothing of a threat to spit in it—with a score of strange gentlemen looking on and listening! If ten times the poltroon he is, he dare not show the white feather now."

Of course he'll call me out; and what am I to do for a second? The three or four fellows I've scraped companionship with here, are not the men—one of them. Besides, none of them might care to oblige me on such short acquaintance?

"What the deuce am I to do? Telegraph to the Count?" he continued, after a pause spent in reflecting. "He's in New York, I know; and know he would come on at once. It's just the sort of thing would delight the *vieux sauteur*, now that the Mexican affair is ended, and he's once more compelled to sheathe his revolutionary sword. Come in! Who the deuce knocks at a gentleman's door at this unceremonious hour?"

It was not yet five A. M. Outside the hotel could be heard carriage-wheels, rolling off with late roysterers, who had outstayed the ball.

"Surely it's too soon for an emissary from Swinton? Come in!"

The door opening at the summons, discovered the night porter of the hotel.

"Well! what want you, my man?"

"A gentleman wants you, sir."

"Show him up!"

"He told me, sir, to give you his apologies for disturbing you at so early an hour. It is because his business is very important."

"Bosh! Why need he have said that? Dick Swinton's friend must be a more delicate gentleman than himself!"

The last speech was in soliloquy, and not to the porter.

"He said, sir," continued the latter, "that having come by the boat—"

"By the boat?"

"Yes, sir, the New York boat. She's just in."

"Yes—yes; I heard the whistle. Well?"

"That having come by the boat, he thought—"

"Confound it, my good fellow; don't stay to tell me his thoughts second-hand. Where is he? Show him up here, and let him speak them for himself."

"From New York?" continued Maynard, after the porter had disappeared. "Who of the Knickerbockers can it be? And what business of such importance as to startle a fellow from his sleep at half-past four in the morning—supposing me to have been asleep—which luckily I'm not. Is the Empire City ablaze, and Fernando Wood, like a second Nero, fiddling in ruthless glee over its ruins? Hal! Roosevelt!"

"Maynard!"

The tone of the exchanged salutation told of a meeting unexpected, and after a period of separation. It was followed by a mutual embrace. There was a friendship too fervent to be satisfied with the shaking of hands. Fellow campaigners—as friends—they had stood side by side under the hissing hail-storm of battle. Side by side had they charged up the difficult steep of Chapultepec, in the face of howitzers belching forth their deadly shower of shot—side by side fallen on the crest of the counterscarp, their blood streaming unitedly into the ditch!

They had not seen each other since. No wonder they should meet with emotions corresponding to the scenes through which they had passed. Some minutes passed before either could find coherent speech. They only exchanged ejaculations. Maynard was the first to become calm.

"God bless you, my dear count!" he said; "my grand instructor in the science of war. How glad I am to see you!"

"Not more than I you, *cher camarade*!"

"But say, why are you here? I did not expect you; though strange enough I was this moment thinking of you!"

"I'm here to see you—specially you!"

"Ah! For what, my dear Roosevelt?"

"You've said that I instructed you in the science of war. Be it so. But the pupil now excels his teacher—has gone far beyond him in fame. That's why I'm here."

"Explain yourself, count!"

"Read this. It will save speech. You see it is addressed to yourself."

Maynard took the sealed letter handed to him. It bore the superscription,

"CAPTAIN MAYNARD."

Breaking it open, he read:

"The committee of German refugees in New York, in view of the late news from Europe, have hopes that freedom is not yet extinguished in their ancient fatherland. They have determined upon once more returning to it, and taking part in the struggle again begun in Baden and the Palatinate. Impressed by the gallantry displayed by you in the late Mexican war, with your protective kindness to their countrymen who served under you—and above all your well-known devotion to the cause of liberty—they have unanimously resolved to offer you the leadership in this enterprise. While aware of its perils—as also of your courage to encounter them—they can promise you no reward, save that of glory and a nation's gratitude. To achieve this, they offer you a nation's trust. Say, sir, are you prepared to accept it?"

Some half dozen names were appended, at which Maynard simply glanced. He knew the men, and had heard of the movement.

"I accept," he said, after a few seconds spent in reflection. "You can carry that answer back to the committee."

"Carry back an answer! My dear Maynard, I come to carry you back."

"Must I go directly?"

"This very day. The rising in Baden has begun, and you know revolutions won't wait for any one. Every hour is important. You are expected back by the next boat. I hope there's nothing to prevent it? What! There is something?"

"There is; something rather awkward."

"Not a woman? No—no! You're too much of a soldier for that."

"No; not a woman."

As Maynard said this, a strange expression came over his countenance, as if he was struggling against the truth.

"No—no!" he continued, with a forced smile.

"Not a woman. It's only a man; indeed only a thing in the shape of one."

"Explain, captain! Who, or what is he?"

"Well, it's simply an affair. About an hour ago I slapped a fellow in the face."

"Ha!"

"There's been a ball to-night—in the hotel, here."

"I know it. I met some of the people going away. Well?"

"There was a young lady—"

"I might have known that, too. Who ever heard of an affair without a lady, young or old, at the bottom of it? But excuse me for interrupting you?"

"After all," said Maynard, apparently changing his tack, "I needn't stay to tell you about the lady. She had little or nothing to do with it. It occurred in the barroom, after the ball was over, and she in her bed, I suppose."

"Leave her to one side then, and let her sleep."

"I had gone into this barroom to take a drink, by way of night-cap, and was standing by the counter, when I heard some one making rather free use of my name. Three fellows were close beside me, talking in a very fast style, and as I soon discovered, about myself. They had been imbibing a good deal, and did not chance to see me."

"One of the three I had known in England, when we were both in the British service."

"The other two—Americans I suppose them—I had only seen for the first time, some two days ago. Indeed, I had then a little difficulty with them, which I needn't stay to trouble you about now; though I more than half expected to have had a challenge for that. It didn't come, however; and you may guess what sort they are."

"It was my quondam acquaintance of the English army who was taking liberties with my character, in answer to inquiries the other two were putting to him."

"What was he telling them?"

"No end of lies; the worst of them being that I had been kicked out of the British service! Of course it was also his last. After that—"

"After that you kicked him out of the barroom. I fancy I can see you engaged in that little bit of foot practice!"

"I was not quite so rude as that. I only slashed him across the cheek with my glove, and then handed him my card."

"In truth, when you were announced I thought it was his friend, and not mine; though, knowing the man as I do, the idea of his sending a messenger so early rather surprised me."

"I'm glad you've come, Count. I was in a devil of a dilemma—being acquainted with nobody here who could have served me for a second. I suppose, I can reckon upon you?"

"Oh, that of course," answered the count, with as much *insouciance* as if he had been only asked for a cigar. "But," he added, "is there no way this meeting may be avoided?"

It was not any craven thought that dictated the interrogatory. A glance at Count Roosevelt would have satisfied any one of this.

Full forty years of age, with mustache and whisker just beginning to show steel-gray, of true martial bearing, he at once impressed you as a man who had seen much practice in the terrible trade of the duello. At the same time there was about him no air either of the bully or bravado. On the contrary, his features were marked by an expression of mildness—on occasions, only changing to stern.

One of these changes came over them, as Maynard emphatically made answer:

"No."

"*Sacre!*" he said, hissing out a French exclamation. "How provoking! To think such an important matter—the liberty of all Europe—should suffer from such a paltry mischance! It has been well said that woman is the curse of mankind!"

"Have you any idea," he continued, after this ungallant speech, "when the fellow is likely to send in?"

"Not any. Some time during the day, I take it. There can be no cause for delay that I can think of. Heaven knows, we're near enough each other, since both are stopping in the same hotel."

"Challenge some time during the day. Shooting, or whatever it may be, to-morrow morning. No railway from here, and boat only once a day. Leaves Newport at seven P.M. A clear twenty-four hours lost! *Sac-r-re!*"

These calculations were in soliloquy; Count Roosevelt, as he made them, torturing his great mustache and looking at some imaginary object between his feet.

Maynard remained silent.

The count continued his *sotto voce* speeches, now and then breaking into ejaculations delivered in a louder tone, and indifferently in French, English, Spanish, and German.

"By heavens, I have it!" he at length exclaimed, at the same time starting to his feet. "I have it, Maynard! I have it!"

"What has occurred to you, my dear count?"

"A plan to save time. We'll go back to New York by this evening's boat!"

"Not before fighting! I presume you include that in your calculations?"

"Of course I do. We'll fight, and be in time all the same."

If Maynard had been a man of delicate susceptibilities he might have reflected on the uncertainty of such a programme.

He merely asked for its explanation.

"Perfectly simple," responded the count. "You are to be the challenged party, and, of course, have your choice both of time and weapons. No matter about the weapons. It's the time that concerns us so."

"You'd bring off the affair to-day?"

"Would, and will."

"How if the challenge arrive too late—in the evening say?"

"*Carambo!*—to use our old Mexican shibboleth—I've thought of that—of everything. The challenge shall come early—must come, if your adversary be a gentleman. I've hit upon a plan to force it out of him in good time."

"Your plan?"

"You'll write to him—that is, I shall—to say you are compelled to leave Newport to-night; that a matter of grand importance has suddenly summoned you away. Appeal to him, as a man of honor, to send in his invitation at once, so that you may arrange a meeting. If he don't do so, by all the laws of honor you will be free to go, at any hour you may name."

"That will be challenging the challenger. Will it be correct?"

"Of course it will. I'll be answerable. It's altogether *en règle*—strictly according to the code."

"I agree to it, then."

"Enough! I must set about composing the letter. Being a little out of the common, it will require some thought. Where are your pens and ink?"

Maynard pointed to a table, on which were the writing materials.

Drawing up a chair, Roosevelt seated himself beside it.

Then taking hold of a pen, and spreading a sheet of "cream laid" before him, he proceeded to write the premonitory epistle, scarce consulting the man most interested in what it might contain. Thinking of the revolution in Baden, he was most anxious to set free his friend from the provoking compromise, so that both might bear the flag of freedom through his beloved fatherland.

The note was soon written; a copy carefully taken, folded up, and shoved into an envelope. Maynard scarce allowed the opportunity of reading it!

It had to be addressed by his directions, and was sent to Mr. Richard Swinton, just as the great gong, screaming through the corridors of the Ocean House, proclaimed to its guests the hour for *déjeuner à la fourchette*.

THE BROTHER OF CHARLES DICKENS.—In one of his tales, or perhaps of his letters, Mr. Dickens told his readers how he came to wear the name of "Boz." It appears that "a young and favorite brother" was, for some family reason, nicknamed "Mose," and that another member, having a very bad cold on one occasion, in attempting to call "Mose," rendered the term "Boz." Thereafter "Boz" became a familiar name in the Dickens family, and Charles adopted it as his own title. Some fifteen years ago this younger and favorite brother came to Chicago to reside. He entered the office of the Illinois Central Railroad Company, and, as long as his health continued, his family lived comfortably; but sickness came, and with it penury and trouble. Some two years ago Mr. Augustus N. Dickens died, leaving his widow and her large family unprotected for strangers in a strange land. One of the principal reasons for Mr. Dickens's coming to the United States, we are assured, was to visit the grave of his brother, and to comfort the hearts of the widow and her orphans with the sympathetic offerings of a brother's heart. Those who see Mr. Dickens merely on the platform, and know of him only as the recipient of thousands of dollars for charitable performance, scarcely imagine that while he is before them, the delineator of the joys and sorrows of his own creation, his thoughts are far away upon the shores of Lake Michigan, where lies the unmarked grave of the playmate of his early days. While he reads to his audiences in Boston, New York, and elsewhere, the story of the Nickleby family, it is impossible to suppose that the Ralph of that name, he would forget the widow of his brother, whose young children would have been suffering are this for want of food, but for the charity of Mr. Augustus Dickens's American friends. The fate of fatherless children has been delineated by Mr. Dickens too often and too graphically to be forgotten by himself. The school at "Dotheboys Hall" was made up of that class of pupils.



TERRIBLE EXPLOSION OF KEROSENE OIL AT GERMANTOWN, HOLMES CO., OHIO, ON THE 25TH OF JANUARY LAST.

Terrible Kerosene Oil Explosion in Holmes County, Ohio.

KEROSENE explosions, with fatal consequences, are becoming so frequent that some legislative action is imperatively demanded either to prohibit the sale of explosive oils or to compel the use of lamps and utensils that will guard against the danger.

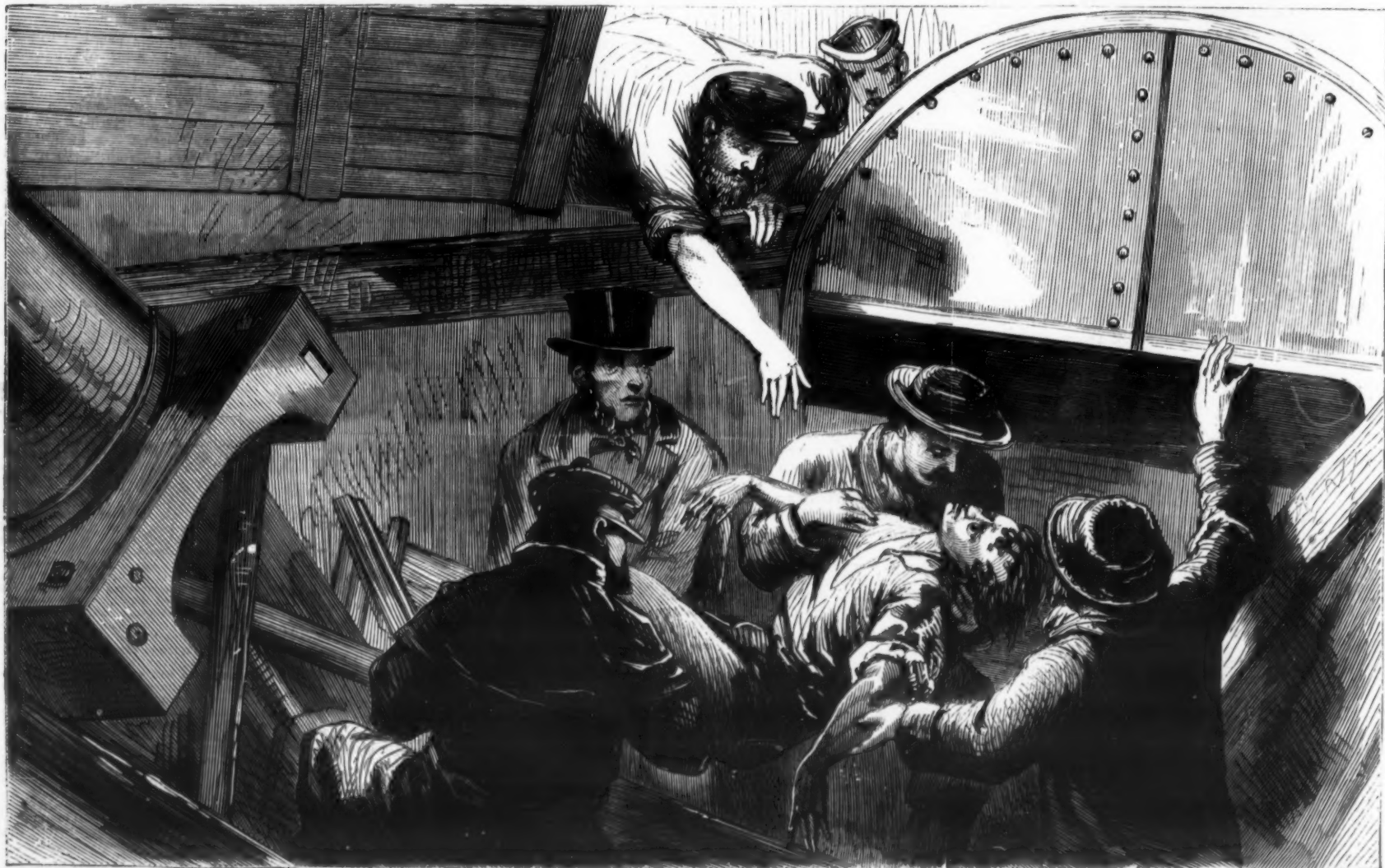
Our engraving represents one of the most terrible of these accidents, by which several lives were lost and a number of people shockingly burned. Mr. Daniel Earb, his wife and three children, were visiting, on the 31st of last month, the family of Jonas Mast, residing in German Township, Holmes County, Ohio. The family of Mr. Mast consisted of five persons.

Between eight and nine o'clock, the oil in a lamp that

was burning, becoming nearly exhausted, Mr. Mast extinguished it and took up a two-gallon can containing about three quarts of oil, to refill the lamp. His son, a lad of twelve or fourteen years, stood near by holding a lighted tallow candle, and although warned by his parents to stand back, during the process of replenishing the lamp, he came too near, and a simultaneous explosion took place in lamp and can, bursting both, and scattering the oil all over the room and upon the

persons of all present, at the same time setting them on fire.

All the members of both families were badly burned. Five were fatally injured, and died soon after the explosion; the recovery of the others is doubtful. Our illustration is from a sketch by the postmaster of Shanesville, Tuscarora County, Ohio, who resides three miles from the scene of the calamity, and was present shortly after it occurred.



RECOVERING THE BODY OF ALONZO DIVER FROM THE WRECK OF THE STEAM-TUG JAMES A. WRIGHT, AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE BOILER, ON THE 14TH ULT. —SEE PAGE 394.



GRAND ALLEGORICAL PROCESSION (THE FOLLIES OF THE YEAR 1867) AT THE ANNUAL FANCY DRESS BALL OF THE LIEDERKRANZ, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, NEW YORK CITY, ON THE 20TH ULT.—SEE PAGE 394.

Fatal Boiler Explosion on Board the Steamtug James A. Wright, on the 17th ult., Near Bedloe's Island, N. Y.

As the tugboat James A. Wright, having in tow the bark Gagerolf, was approaching the dock at the foot of Congress street, on the afternoon of the 17th ult., her boiler exploded, and in a few minutes both vessels were enveloped in a dense volume of steam and smoke. The captain, Elias A. Dakin, and pilot, Benjamin Fisher, with one of the crew, were standing in the pilot-house when the explosion took place, and all three were hurled to a considerable height in the air. The steamtug Howard, the Staten Island ferryboat Northfield, and the revenue cutter Uno, soon came to the assistance of the crew, and succeeded in putting out the flames, which were rapidly gaining headway, after which the wreck was conveyed to Jersey City, and a close examination was instituted. The back head of the boiler was almost completely blown out, and the boiler itself was pronounced an unserviceable one, eight out of its fourteen braces being very defective. The injuries sustained by the crew were inflicted chiefly by scalds and contusions. Captain Dakin was severely cut about the head and face, and remained in an insensible condition some time after being rescued from the wreck. The pilot, Mr. Fisher, who was hurled into the rigging of the Gagerolf, received injuries of so serious a character that fears of his recovery are entertained.

During the examination of the tugboat at Jersey City the body of the fireman, Alonso Diver, was found in the midst of the debris about the boiler, and efforts were at once made to extricate it. This was found to be a task of considerable difficulty, in view of the mangled condition of the remains, and it was not until late in the afternoon of the succeeding day that the body was recovered. Several other persons were injured by the catastrophe, but none of them to an alarming extent.

The Annual Fancy Dress Ball of the Liederkranz, at the Academy of Music, New York City, on the 20th ult.

Among the gay, fantastic, gorgeous, and mirth-provoking features of the carnival season in the city of New York, the Grand Annual Fancy Dress Ball of the German Liederkranz has for many years been conspicuous. On Thursday, the 20th ult., this festival was celebrated in magnificent style at the Academy of Music. Preparations had been made with liberality, taste, and elaboration, and the result was a combination of attractive elements that were fairly bewildering in their variety and splendor. The stage represented a fairy grotto, and it was not difficult for the imagination to identify the whole scene with some dream of a fairy-land. There was beauty and splendor joined with the grotesque and picturesque; there was overflowing mirth, grace, satire and wit, and that energy of enjoyment that seemed determined to deck the wings of the flying moments with the hues of pleasure in defiance of any suggestion of a sorrowful morrow.

The great feature of the occasion was the grand allegorical procession, representing the Follies of the Year 1867. King Carnival assumed absolute sway for the nonce, and being no respecter of persons, marshaled before him kings and potentates with an impartial sceptre. From the Emperor Napoleon to King Theodor, from Andy Johnson to General Boun, from Pope to peasant, from George Francis Train to the live Gorilla, all were put on exhibition, and trotted out with their follies made prominent, and passed in review in admirable confusion. Our engraving represents this procession, which was in every respect a successful worthy the reputation of the Liederkranz. Most of the characters will be readily recognized by the public generally, as well as by the thousands who crowded the Academy of Music as spectators and participants of the scene.

"My Murderer's Name Is—"

OR, THE WIFE'S REVENGE.

SECOND PART.

CHAPTER XIII.

It was remarkable that Vibert did not leave the Hotel des Princes, it was surely equally strange that Julia did not return to her lodgings in the Rue de la Paix. Had she not gone to the Rue de Grammont solely to be able to receive Savari and conceal from him her identity? What now prevented her, then, from resuming her name, and returning to the home which was endeared to her by so many tender recollections?

She constantly repeated to herself: "This cannot last; he must learn who I am. I cannot keep up this comedy forever, and appear like an adventuress, when I have an honorable name and position. I must tell him all!"

But her heart failed her, and she continued the deception, in order to avoid admitting that she had all along been acting a false part.

They returned to their former manner of living, except that Vibert no longer disturbed their interviews. This sudden disappearance puzzled Savari, but as Julia could not explain it, he fancied that perhaps Vibert was jealous of the attention paid to his cousin.

Every day he hastened to Julia's side at two o'clock, and never left her until evening. Seated on the sofa beside her, he told her all his early struggles, trials, and temptations. Thus time passed, without in any way changing the aspect of affairs, until one day her eyes fell upon a paragraph in a daily journal.

The approaching trial of Langlade was discussed, and the terrible article concluded as follows:

"Langlade was married to a beautiful woman called Setting-Sun, with whom he was desperately in love. He met Vidal leaving her apartment, followed, and killed him in a fit of jealous frenzy."

Hastily putting on a bonnet and mantle, she ordered a carriage and drove to the office from whence the journal containing this statement was published. Her love and pride were alike wounded, and she determined upon forcing the editor to contradict the calumny. He, however, gave his authority, protested that simple truth had been told, and referred her to the officials of the Palace of Justice for proof of his statement.

The next visit was to Monsieur Goubert, and she was surprised that he manifested no indignation

when she placed before him the offensive paragraph.

"You do not reply," she exclaimed. "Is it possible that you credit this calumny?"

"Madame," said the judge, after reflection, "unfortunately the truth cannot long be concealed from you. Langlade will soon be brought to trial, and you will then learn all the painful details of the murder. It is, therefore, useless for me to conceal from you the fact that the statement in this journal is only too true."

"What, sir! did my husband come to his death through his attentions to another woman?—and such a woman?"

"He was murdered a few moments after leaving her residence."

"Have you proofs of this?"

"Alas, madame, they are only too positive. They do not admit of a shadow of doubt."

For three days after this Julia refused to receive Savari. Meantime she went to church as usual, and prayed for the repose of her husband's soul; she visited every morning his grave, but she no longer decked it with the choicest flowers. Marietta and herself collected together all her clothing, which had been left in the Rue de la Paix, and sent it to her new home, and then orders were given to the *conciergerie* to sell the furniture and to rent the rooms.

On the expiration of the three days, Savari, looking pale and wan, was received by Julia.

"Ah!" he cried, "why have you banished me thus? Why?"

But she interrupted him, saying:

"You would have no reason to complain, if you did but know all."

CHAPTER XIV.

In crossing one of the halls of the *Perfecture* one day, Vibert met the captain of police, who said to him:

"You came near getting us into trouble with your promises. Langlade has almost slipped through our fingers."

"Tried to escape again?"

"No; he has been at death's door."

"Well, poor fellow, it would have been better for him had he died."

"It might have been better for him, but not for us. It would have been asserted that we had either killed him or permitted him to escape. An interesting and exciting trial is anticipated, and it is a dangerous matter to baffle Parisians in their amusements. Fortunately, Langlade has recovered from the brain fever with which he was threatened after his interview with his wife."

"This accounts, then, for your delay in bringing him to trial?"

"Precisely. He is too troublesome a prisoner for us to wish to keep him longer on hand than necessary."

"Is he still violent?"

"No; he is now calm and depressed in spirits. We keep him still in the *Conciergerie*, but we cannot induce him to answer a single question in regard to his guilt."

"He has already confessed, which is quite sufficient."

"Still, it would be better for him not to persist in this sullen silence before a jury. You have proved your influence over him. Suppose you see him, and try to render him more tractable?"

"It is useless," said Vibert; "if he has determined not to speak, no power on earth can force him to do so. Still, I will see him if you wish."

A few moments after this, Vibert entered the felon's cell, and walking up to his bed, tapped him on the shoulder, and said:

"Well, old fellow, so you have been ill? Ill and stubborn, too?"

"Yes; I have been ill, and they have bored me with questions; perhaps you are come to do the same?"

"Well, I should be glad to be able to persuade you to answer some of the interrogatories of the judge. He is a fine old fellow, and you should not annoy him."

"It is he who annoys me, I tell you. He asks about all sorts of things which I do not understand, and wants every detail about my murdering that man in the Rue de la Paix. Now, I hate to think about it, and I will not talk of it—there!"

"At least you confer with your counsel on the subject?"

"My counsel, indeed! I have refused to see him."

"How can he defend you, then?"

"I do not wish him to defend me!" cried Langlade. "All that I ask, is to be left alone. I shall be condemned, whatever I may say or do. Besides, I do not wish to live, since I am to be separated from Setting-Sun!"

"As you will," said Vibert; "since you have determined not to defend yourself, it is simply suicide. Can I do anything for you? Do you want some tobacco?"

"No; I never smoke."

"True; you have no small vices."

"There is one thing you might do for me," said Langlade, as Vibert was about leaving.

"I know what you mean; if there is any good news about Setting-Sun, I will bring it to you."

CHAPTER XV.

A MAN, elegant and distinguished in appearance, after having walked several times up and down the Boulevard des Italiens, looked at his watch for the twentieth time in half an hour, entered the *passage de l'Opera*, purchased a bouquet of white violets, turned into the Rue de Grammont, hastily ascended three flights of stairs, and reached a room in which a charming woman gave him a most gracious welcome.

A few moments after this, another man, short, slight and ungainly, glided into the same house, and slipped up a back stairway, stopping at every step to make sure that he was not perceived or followed.

When he reached the third story, he opened a

door softly, which he closed with care. He then found himself in a small, dark hall, into which he advanced on tip-toe, and crouched down beside a glass window, in a second door, and this is what he saw and heard:

A blazing wood fire shone on the hearth, and assisted an astral lamp in cheerfully lighting up the room.

Savari sat upon a sofa in front of the watcher, and Julia was at his side.

She still wore mourning, but it was relieved by softest laces, and a bouquet of white violets rested on her bosom, while her magnificent hair was arranged in a most becoming manner. Her face was bright and animated, and the roses were coming back to her cheeks.

"How can I believe you?" she said, in reply to some protestation of Savari's. "We women are but created to be deceived. We give our whole heart's love, and pledge our faith, and the man who accepts them feels no obligation to be true in return, but offers his devotion at the feet of the first pretty woman whom he chances to meet."

"The man who does this never truly loves," said Savari.

"Then why protest affection—why soil his soul with a lie?"

"He may believe himself in love, and mistake a passing fancy for a true passion. But to the man who really cares for a woman, the most charming of her sex cannot make him swerve, even in thought, from his allegiance to her. The world, for him, begins and ends in her he loves; at her side he forgets the past, thinks not of the future, and does not feel the miserable, everyday fret and worry of life. Remorse, even, which is called implacable, is stilled at her side. Ah," continued Savari, "do not wonder at hearing me speak thus: in my ill-spent youth I never fancied that I could feel as I do now. I know love now in all its force, its delicacy, and its purity. I love you with all the strength of my soul. I am as timid as a child in your presence, and yet my very brain is on fire, and I long to clasp you to my heart. Decide my fate, I pray you. Tell me if I must die at your feet, or if I may hope?"

"Hope!" cried Julia. And with her Italian enthusiasm, which was all the stronger from being so long repressed, she threw herself into his arms, and he pressed his lips upon her cheek and brow.

There was a deep, low, heart-broken wail on the other side of the glass door.

Savari and Julia heard it not, nor the slamming of a door as Vibert rushed frantically from his hiding-place.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE trial of Langlade for the murder in the Rue de la Paix was set down for the latter part of the month of February, 1848.

In spite of the political fever with which all Paris had been seized for several days, in spite of the concern excited in thinking minds by the famous patriotic banquets, a large crowd was assembled in the court-room, among whom were many ladies of high position.

On a table lay the poniard with which the murder had been done, and a pocketbook, open at the page on which Maurice Vidal had written with his blood.

The court opened at a quarter past ten, and the jury was empaneled. Contrary to public rumor, Langlade was without handcuffs or strait-jacket. He was brought in by two policemen, who seated him between them. He manifested no interest in what was taking place, and did not even look about him. The public was evidently disappointed at his subdued manner. Even the officers, who had been ordered to keep the closest watch upon their prisoner, began to fancy that there was little need of such precaution.

"Stand up, accused," said the President.

Langlade did not move.

"Officers, assist the accused to rise."

The men took Langlade by the shoulders and put him on his feet. He submitted quietly and turned to the court.

"What is your name?"

"Hector Langlade," replied the prisoner.

Q. Your age?

A. Thirty-six.

Q. You were born in the department of Vaucluse?

A. Yes; near Avignon.

Q. You escaped twice, did you not, from the galley of Toulon and Brest?

A. Yes.

Q. When last arrested you were residing at 22 Rue Croix Petite des Champs?

A. Yes.

"The charge against you will now be read."

The prisoner sank back in his chair, and half closed his eyes during the proceeding.

Our readers are already familiar with the crime of which he was accused.

The witnesses were next called, and at the name of Stephanie Langlade, called Setting-Sun, he opened his eyes and turned pale, but never moved his head.

The prisoner was again requested to rise and respond to the questions put to him, but he refused most positively to do either.

There was a murmur among the audience, who began to feel that Langlade was not so tractable as they had supposed.

"Accused," said the judge, gently, "you will injure your cause with the jury by persisting in silence."

"I have confessed the crime; what more do you want?" asked the convict.

"We wish to know from you how the crime was committed, and you will prejudice yourself in the eyes of this court if you refuse to submit to its regulations."

"I do not wish any indulgence from this court. Send me to the scaffold as soon as possible. This is all that I desire."

The first witness called was Julia Vidal, and

every one in the court-room manifested great sympathy with, and interest in her. She gave the details of her arrival in Paris, her difficulty in entering her rooms, and the condition in which they were found.

When her testimony was concluded, Madame Vidal requested permission to leave the court, and the judge, after having consulted the jury, and the advocate of the accused, authorized Julia to retire.

The second witness called was the *conciergerie* of the Rue de la Paix. As his testimony was a mere repetition of what has already been given to the reader, we will not repeat it.

The counsel for the accused called the attention of the jury to the fact that the *conciergerie* sustained that he had seen no one ascend to M. Vidal's floor on the 19th of October, and that had Langlade done so, his imposing height would assuredly have attracted attention.

A discussion at this point took place between the prisoner's counsel and the advocate-general.

Langlade, who up to this time had remained silent, now manifested symptoms of impatience, and exclaimed:

"What is the use of arguing? I admit having committed the murder. Make an end of this matter!"

The prisoner was rebuked by the judge, and told that although he himself appeared ambitious to get rid of life, that the law insisted on protecting him, and furnished him with counsel to that end.

Several residents of No. 6 Rue de la Paix next testified, and asserted that they had noticed nothing peculiar on the 19th of October.

Tacquet, the *conciergerie* of the house where Setting-Sun resided, in the Rue Neuve-Saint-Augustine, deposed, that he had seen a young man ascend to her apartment in the month of October last. He could not fix the date.

His description of the young man tallied with that of Maurice Vidal.

Q. What led you to suppose that the person whom you have just described visited Setting-Sun?

A. I saw them conversing together in the doorway on the previous evening.

Q. Was Setting-Sun in the habit of receiving visitors?

A. No; her husband and herself never entertained any one.

Q. Did the prisoner at the bar, when he reached home a few minutes afterward, speak to you?

A. Yes, sir; he inquired if his wife was at home; and I, knowing that she had a visitor, and that there would probably be some trouble, replied that she had gone out.

Q. He went up-stairs, nevertheless, did he not?

A. Yes, sir; and remained about half an hour, going out immediately after the departure of the guest of his wife, so that I fancied them acquainted.

Q. Did the accused appear agitated as he passed you?

A. Yes, sir; but this was not unusual, as he was constantly in the habit of quarreling with his wife.

Q. Had you ever any personal knowledge of his violent temper?

A. Oh, frequently, sir. He nearly threw me out of the window on one occasion.

There was a general titter at this admission throughout the room. When order was restored, the judge continued:

Q. The accused had, then, a violent disposition?

A. Yes, sir; yet he had not a hard heart. When his temper was over he always begged my pardon, and slipped some money into my hand.

We will pass over many other depositions, the substance of which is known to our readers, and come at once to the testimony of Setting-Sun. Her advent on the witness-stand will teach us nothing which we do not already know, but it will considerably modify the action of the prisoner, and will prepare the reader for the strange and unexpected termination of this trial.

A rich Englishman had made himself acceptable to her, and decked in a flaunting costume, she smilingly took her place on the stand.

The prisoner did not even raise his eyelids; one would have pronounced him as indifferent to this witness as those preceding her.

"You know the accused, I suppose?" said the judge to Setting-Sun, after propounding the usual inquiries.

"Yes, rather too well," was the flippant reply.

The judge administered a rebuke, but all of Setting-Sun's testimony was colored by her hatred of her husband. After her examination she seated herself beside her English admirer, while the court took a recess for a quarter of an hour, the officers removing the prisoner from the court-room during this period.

On re-entering, the prisoner's eyes rested on Setting-Sun, who was talking familiarly with the man beside her, and his brows contracted loweringly.

The summing up of the case for the prosecution came next, followed by that of the counsel for the accused, who eloquently defended the prisoner. He dwelt so feelingly on his youth, on the ruin consequent on his strange love for his wife—this one absorbing passion of his life—that every one save the prisoner was moved by his eloquence. As for Langlade, he scarcely heard him; his eyes were devouring Setting-Sun; and fancying that he perceived the arm of the Englishman stealing stealthily around her waist, terrible ideas of vengeance entered his head, and he cried:

"I am not guilty!"

There was great excitement among the audience.

The judge inquired why, such being the case, he had not spoken of it before.

"Because," replied Langlade—"because up to this time I believed myself guilty. I have killed a man, certainly, but not your Maurice Vidal!"

Q. What, then, was the name of the man whom you murdered?

A. I do not know, but he was not the person for whose assassination I am being tried.

Q. Why do you think this?

A. Because that gentleman (pointing to the prosecuting attorney) spoke of blood issuing from the wound, of a knife with which he had been stabbed, of a little library, and a bedroom—of a number of things which have no bearing on the murder I committed. My weapon was only this fist, and it was used in a paved court or doorway, and not in a library!

The judge called the attention of the jury to the utter improbability of this story.

The accused, however, protested that since he admitted having committed a murder, he could have no interest in making a false statement as to how the deed had been done.

The judge regarded the tardy statement of the prisoner as an effort to postpone his condemnation, and inquired why he had not spoken earlier.

"That is my secret," said Langlade, casting a glance of hatred upon Setting-Sun.

Q. Did you not commit the murder which you have confessed in the Rue de la Paix?

A. Yes; I do not know the number, but it was in that street.

Q. At what hour did you deal the blow?

A. At about ten at night, toward the end of October.

"Well," said the judge, "your own words condemn you! No man except Maurice Vidal has been murdered in the Rue de la Paix for years."

At this stage of the proceedings a juror rose and requested permission to speak, which was accorded to him.

"I must call the attention of the court," he said, to a fact which has just occurred to my mind, and with which it is perhaps not familiar; in the month of October last, and several days before Maurice Vidal's murder, a friend of mine was found dead in that street, and in a doorway. There was no wound upon the body to indicate that a crime had been committed, and it was supposed, from the sanguinary temperament of the deceased, that he had died from apoplexy. There was a bruise upon one temple, but this was supposed to have been occasioned by his falling upon the pavement of the court or doorway. I can readily imagine now that the formidable fist of the accused might have dealt this death-giving blow.

This statement, made by a man of apparent respectability, and a member of the jury, produced a profound effect in the court-room. Every one discussed the mysterious affair with his neighbor. The court concluded to retire for deliberation, and after having done so, in the new turn of affairs, postponed the trial until another session.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE morning after this scene in court Vibert, who had become aged and haggard-looking, called early on Julia Vidal, and this time he went without concealment to her door, and requested the astonished Marietta to inform her mistress that he desired to see her.

Julia had not yet completed her toilet, and Vibert awaited her in the drawing-room—that room which he had not entered for many long weeks, and the every object of which recalled some tender memory. It was in this very parlor that she had seized his hands, and cried, "You will assist me in my work of vengeance?" From this seat she had smiled on him, from another she had thanked him for some advice. Once he had surprised her warming her little feet on that very fender.

Had Julia entered just at this moment he might have forgiven her the sufferings which she had caused him, in favor of the short-lived happiness which he had known at her side. But suddenly his eyes fell upon the sofa, where she usually sat with Savari, and he recalled the last scene to which he had been a witness. All his pleasant memories and gentle thoughts vanished at this remembrance, and he resolved to be as implacable to her as they had been to him.

Madame Vidal now entered the room, and without inviting him to be seated, expressed surprise at seeing him.

Her frigid manner did not astonish her visitor; he was perfectly prepared for it. He readily comprehended that Julia must detest him for having suspected the man she loved of crime. True, she herself had once shared those suspicions, but this was only an additional reason for disliking the accomplice, of whom she was now heartily ashamed.

"Madame," said Vibert, dryly, "I ceased visiting you because my mission here was ended. Chance enabled me to discover the murderer of your husband, and I was able to arrest him and place him in the hands of justice without the aid of any one; therefore your concurrence and assistance, which were so necessary in Savari's case, were entirely useless when it became a question of convicting the felon Langlade."

This speech, which was significantly emphasized by Vibert, wounded Julia to the quick, and she sharply inquired:

"Since my assistance was not required, why are you—?"

"Why am I here to-day? you would ask," said Vibert, interrupting her before she finished her sentence. "I will tell you, madame, if you will permit me to be seated for a moment."

Julia made no reply, but took a chair, in order that Vibert might do the same.

"You attended the court, yesterday," said he abruptly; "but left before the conclusion of the testimony, and therefore are ignorant of the result of the trial?"

"I am ignorant of the result of the trial, but you might have spared yourself the trouble to inform me of it. There can be but one result. As long as it was a question of discovering the murderer of my husband, you found me strong and brave; now that the murderer has been

arrested, and will be punished for his crime, he is in the hands of justice, and I can cherish hatred for him no longer."

"It is well, madame. I will not tell you the result of the trial, since you assume to be already familiar with it. I will only ask permission to acquaint you with a few facts, developed by investigations subsequent to your leaving the court-room. For instance," said Vibert, very slowly, "it was clearly proved that your husband never visited the woman called Setting-Sun."

Julia grew deadly pale. The police-agent's first hit had told. If, several weeks before, she had learned that her husband had been cruelly wronged, and had never even seen the woman with whom his name had been connected, her very soul would have leaped for joy. But now the infidelity of her husband was her only excuse to her own heart for the love she felt for another, and this excuse no longer existed. In an instant all this flashed through her brain, and with it came the cruellest remorse. When she had somewhat recovered her composure, she said, in a clear, cold voice:

"How comes it that the law has made this discovery so late? And what other sentiment than that of jealousy could have prompted Langlade to kill my husband?"

"He did not kill him."

"He did not kill him, did you say? I thought he had confessed the crime?"

"There was simply an error of identity. He did murder a man, of whose name he was ignorant, and whom he and every one supposed to be your husband. If you will glance over this official report of the proceedings in court, you will better understand the situation."

Julia tremblingly received the paper handed to her by Vibert. She did not exactly divine the intentions of the man, but she felt, instinctively, that there was some great trouble impending. After having read the report, it dropped from her hands. Vibert picked it up, carefully folded it, returned it to his pocket, and said:

"Well, we shall have to do it all over again!"

Julia started.

"What shall we have to do over again?"

"Why," said Vibert, calmly, "the murderer is still undiscovered, and we must continue our researches."

"This is the duty of the law," she replied, curtly, "and I shall not again interfere."

"You are easily discouraged, madame," said Vibert, banteringly.

She looked laughingly at him, and said, sharply:

"You may spare me your observations."

"My dear madame," rejoined Vibert, "if I deplore the fact of your becoming discouraged, it is because I consider it detrimental to our interests."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I still hoped for your co-operation. Langlade's innocence being established, of course my suspicions naturally rest again upon Savari."

"Sir!"

"Madame!"

"Your suspicions cannot be directed against that gentleman."

"They were directed against him once, madame, in common with your own," said Vibert, unapologetically, "and I cannot see any reason for their being withdrawn now."

"He is a high-toned, honorable gentleman!" she cried, in an indignant voice; "and I have learned to know and esteem him! Never wrong him again by an unworthy thought!"

"Madame," responded Vibert, thoroughly exasperated by her warm defense of his rival, "ever since I entered here this morning you have taken pleasure in reminding me that I am not a man, but a mere police-agent. Well, as such, I must do my duty. I have been instructed to ferret out a criminal, and the police-agent will do it, regardless of the interest felt by a certain lady for that criminal, or even of the love she bears him!"

She sprang from her seat with the glance of a tigress, and, extending her arm, pronounced but one word:

"Begone!"

Scarcely less white than herself, and quite as heart-sore, Vibert dropped his eyes and obeyed. When he had reached the door, and she fancied herself rid of his hated presence, she sank upon a chair, and exclaimed:

"What country is this, where, in one's own house, a man can be murdered, a woman insulted with impunity?"

She was sublime in her indignation. Her magnificent blue-black hair, which she had done up in a hasty coil to receive Vibert, had become unbound, and fell in rich undulating masses nearly to her feet. Her superbly modeled bust rose and swelled as if it would burst her bodice. Anger had sent the rich blood to mantle cheek and lips. Her mouth was half open to give vent to the hurried and excited breathing, and disclosed her teeth of pearls.

Vibert could not avoid a glance at the beautiful picture. Never had she seemed so perfect in his eyes. His brain reeled, he was seized with sudden madness. He sprang toward Julia, took her head between his hands to prevent her resistance, and pressed his lips upon her own.

It was the first kiss he had ever given!

She shuddered at the hateful contact, tore herself from him by a powerful effort, and gave him a stinging blow in the face as she hastened from the room.

A MADRID paper laments over the fact which scientific researches have established, that the range of the Pyrenean mountains, during the space of twenty years, has lost about 100 feet in altitude, and proceeds to make a calculation whereby it appears that, after the lapse of 1,000 years, the chain separating France and Spain will be no more; in which case the Ebro will empty itself into the Bay of Biscay, instead of the Mediterranean.

Gumbo Soup, with Two Climaxes.

EVERYBODY who has visited New London, Conn., has doubtless seen and admired the row of beautiful white cottages that stretches along the narrow neck of land which reposes gracefully there in the very bosom of the Sound. It is one of the most charming summer resorts in America, and every year it grows more popular and more attractive. Among those who have been attracted thither by the beauties of the place are a number of theatrical people. Edwin Booth occupies during the summer months one of the comeliest of cottages, and William Stuart, formerly manager of the Winter Garden, also owns, and occupies during the dog-days, one of the aforesaid cottages. Stuart is probably one of the greatest gormandisers in America, and travels with a cook-book in his pocket, and is high authority on all matters of domestic economy. He has many friends, and during the summer his New London cottage becomes a sort of Mecca for dramatic and musical people.

One summer during the late war Mr. Stuart had, among other visitors, the husband of Julia Bennett Barrow, the distinguished actress. The season was at its height, and the company were at the full tide of enjoyment. Barrow being equally as much of a gormandiser as Stuart, it was proposed one day that, among the other delicacies of the season, they should serve up a quantity of Gumbo soup, the principal ingredient of which is a plant known as okra. The other ingredients are either chicken or crab, and the usual articles that enter into the composition of that dish. Stuart and his friend knew that it would be a very easy matter to obtain everything necessary to make the soup except the okra, which could not be had short of the metropolis. Barrow therefore proposed that he should go to New York that night, and the next morning he would telegraph Stuart of the purchase of the okra, and the latter could proceed with the preparation of the soup, which would require several hours before Barrow arrived with the okra.

This plan, seeming entirely feasible, was accordingly adopted, and Barrow started for the metropolis. Once in the city, Barrow's search for the desired article was speedily rewarded with success, and he immediately went to the telegraph-office to dispatch the announcement of his good fortune to Stuart, who was waiting, all anxious, to begin the preparation of the soup. But the telegraph-wires were burdened that day with startling war news, and the operator announced to the astonished Barrow that no private dispatches could be forwarded that day. After much persistent argument on the part of Barrow, and the discovery that the dispatch was for Mr. Stuart on the part of the operator, the man of the wires concluded to accommodate the much perturbed Barrow.

The latter started for New London on the next train, with glorious visions of huge dishes of Gumbo soup floating before his eyes. Arriving at the Stuart cottage late in the afternoon, his first question was concerning the preliminary preparation of the soup. Stuart declared, in a gruff and dissatisfied voice, that he had received no dispatch concerning the okra, and had, consequently, done nothing toward getting the soup ready. Chagrined and disappointed, the two sat down to their dinner, determined that nothing should cheat them out of their soup on the following day.

After dinner, the Norwich afternoon paper arrived, with flaming head-lines, announcing the reception of important news. Down the telegraph-column read the excited Stuart, first of Sheridan's brilliant achievements in the valley, then of Sherman's grand movements in the West, then of a significant triumph of our arms on the Potomac, and just here Stuart's eye "struck" a telegram with a New York date that caused him to stop short in his reading. It ran as follows:

"STUART—Have got okra. "NEW YORK, August—

"BARROW."

The confused editor of dispatches had received this telegram, which had somehow lost all evidence of its destination, and had incorporated it with the regular war telegrams. This explained the mystery, and the two friends concluded they were the victims of misplaced confidence. But judge of their surprise the next morning, upon reading the New London paper, to find this telegram considerably elaborated by the editor, who stated that the Federal General Stuart had captured Okra, an important place on the South Carolina coast, naming the chief features of the town, number of inhabitants, and other items of interest to the statistical mind. It is only necessary to add that the Gumbo soup was enjoyed the next day with a much greater relish, owing to the fact that "General Stuart had taken Okra."

A Girl of Thirteen Hung for Murder.

HOWEVER much we may admit the necessity of the machinery of justice, even to the sacrifice of life for life, there is something revolting in the thought of dragging childhood to the scaffold to expiate the crime of murder. On the 7th ult., a negro girl named Susan was hung in Henry County, Ky. This girl, aged thirteen, last August, killed a little white child deliberately and remorselessly. At the last term of the Circuit Court of Henry County she was tried and convicted of murder, and was sentenced to be hung in December last. An appeal was made for a new trial and failed, but the delay occasioned thereby prolonged the execution till the above date, when it took place. Susan was thirteen years old, of a bright color, and enjoyed good health to the time of execution. There was no sorrow on her mind. The knowledge of having to die seemed not to depress her spirits; and, in short, she was prepared, as some would say, "to die game." When asked if she knew she must die, she replied, "Yes." When asked if she wanted a preacher to pray for her before she died, she said she did, only she wanted him to be a white man, "for she couldn't understand what the old black man said that came to see her the other day." She was sorry she killed the child, but hoped God would forgive her, and would let her come to heaven. She didn't know why she had murdered the child, but said she couldn't help it. She had implicated another negro, Lucy, in the crime, but she said she had told a lie, and was sorry for it.

The scaffold was erected on the commons behind the Court House. It consisted of the customary platform, together with the uprights and cross-beam, and trap-door. On the ground several hundred men, white and black, impatiently awaited the appearance of the prisoner, while in the surrounding windows ladies and children were congregated to witness the execution. At two o'clock, the prisoner appeared, surrounded by a guard, and marched to the scaffold, attired in a plain black gown, while about her neck was the inevitable black cap. As she ascended the scaffold there was a visible tremor of her whole body. Many wondered at this, and thought she was about to give way to her feelings. But it was the coldness of the day which caused her body to shiver. She took a seat, while Rev. Dr. Cox offered a feeling prayer for the soul of the criminal. She was placed on the trap-door. The cap was drawn over her face, her arms were pinioned to her side, and the fatal noose was adjusted. Then all was still. Not a whisper was heard. Many white people averted their eyes. Then the rope was jerked, the trap-door fell, and the criminal was suspended between heaven and earth. She writhed and twisted and jerked many times, but at last she was still—in death. After twenty minutes Drs. Forman, Mathers, and Oldham examined and pronounced the body dead. Three stout negro men approached, and, the body being cut down, bore it to the coffin and placed it therein, and carried it off for burial.

Everything went off with propriety, except that the silence of the scene was once disturbed by a drunken row between two men; but this was soon suppressed by the efforts of Sheriff Ditto. A curious thing happened when the body had been taken down. A Dutchman approached and asked to be given a little piece of the rope remaining on the cross-beam. This was the incentive, for in two minutes not a particle of the rope remained; but was divided equally among the recipients, who, probably will point their children to it, and warn them of crime.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

NEVER insure your life for the benefit of your wife for a greater sum than ten thousand dollars. A widow with more money than that is a dangerous legacy to leave posterity.

A BACHELOR says that advertising for a wife, is just as absurd as it would be to get measured for an umbrella.

A CONVENIENT way of testing the affections of your intended is to marry another woman. If she don't love you, you find it out immediately.

ONE of the beauties of the Court of Frederick the Great said to the King:

"Sir, how is it that you, who are so glorious already, still seek for new fame?"

"Madam," he replied, "for the same reason that you, although so beautiful, still wear rouge."

WHY is the Mediterranean the dirtiest of seas? Because it is the least tide-y.

A MORAL philosopher gravely observes: "If you want your son not to fall in love with any splendid-looking girl, praise her up to the skies, call her an angel, say she is a whole team and a horse to spare, and all that. The moment the critter sees her he is a grain disappointed, and says: 'Well, she is handsome, that's a fact; but she is not so very, very everlastin' after all.' Nothing damages a gal, a preacher, or a lake, like overpraise. A horse is one of the onliest things in natur' as is help by it."

WHAT is the simplest and most economical way of taking a census of the children of a neighborhood? Employ an organ-grinder for five minutes.

A CLERGYMAN, in the midst of his sermon, found himself interrupted by the talking of some of the congregation, of which he was obliged to take notice. A woman immediately rose, and, wishing to clear her own sex from the aspersion, said:

"Observe, at least, your reverence, it is not on our side."

"So much the better, good woman, so much the better," answered the clergyman; "it will be the sooner over."

AN explainer—A retired carpenter.

A DUTCH WOMAN desired to advertise her pony which had lost himself, and a tall frisky ver much, and strike ver hard mit his hind fass.

A CERTAIN fop, who was arguing with a bluff clergyman the immortality of the soul, asked him: "Now, where do you think I shall go after death?"

"Wherever your tailor goes," was the calm reply.

ANOTHER relic from the classic age has been found in St. Louis, being a dog's collar, supposed to have belonged to Julius Cæsar, from the fact of having his name engraved on it.

A NEGRO in Augusta took so great a liking to the beautiful cars on the new horse-railway, that he sold his watch and spent all the avails in riding on them.

It is said that kisses, like the faces of philosophers, vary. Some are as hot as a coal of fire, some as sweet as honey, some as milk, some as tasteless as long-drawn soda. Stolen kisses have more nutmeg and cream than any other sort, and are consequently the most enjoyable of all.

AT what time does the "molasses" wedding take place? When the first baby gets big enough to lick.

A GENTLEMAN was chiding his son for staying out late at nights—or rather early next morning—and said:

"Why, when I was of your age, my father would not allow me to go out of the house after dark."

"Then you had a deuce of a father—you had," sneered the young profligate.

Whereupon the father very rashly vociferated:

"I had a confounded sight better'n you, you young rascal."

A LADY, a regular shopper, who had made an unfortunate clerk tumble over all stockings in the store, objected that none were long enough.

"I want," says she, "the longest hose that are made."

"Then, madam, you'd better apply at the engine-house."

THE oldest couple in Ohio, are Mr. and Mrs.

Boyd, at Ironton. He is 110 and she 107. They get mad at each other every little while and threaten to obtain divorces. The other day the dame refused to sew on a shirt-button for her spouse, when he indignantly inquired:

"I wonder if I've got to live so all my life."

A CONTEMPORARY says: A cow was struck by lightning and instantly killed belonging to the village physician who had a beautiful calf four days old.

WHAT is fashion? Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning.

A YANKEE gentleman and a British friend stood before the monument on Bunker Hill, when the Yankee said:

"This is the place where Warren fell."

"Ah!" replied the Englishman; "did it hurt him much?"

"Hur him! he was killed, sir."

"Ah! he was, eh?" said the stranger, eyeing the monument, and computing its height in his own mind, layer by layer. "Well, I should think he would have been, to fall so far."

"Now and then I resort to wine to stimulate my wits," said a young spendthrift to an old one.

"Ah," replied the veteran, "that is the way I began; but now I have to resort to my wits to get my wine."

A LITTLE boy went to make some household purchases with his father, who on being pressed by the shopkeeper to buy a large number of blankets, happened to say that he wanted his wages "to go as far as possible," and declined the purchase. On the next Sunday there was a public collection in aid of Indian Missions. The youth reminded his father that India was far away, and that his wages might go far enough if they were sent there.

A GENTLEMAN traveling was accosted by a man walking, who begged the favor of him to get his greatcoat, which he found very heavy, into his carriage.

"With all my heart," said the gentleman; "but if we should not be traveling to the same place, how will you get your coat?"

"Sir," said the man, "I shall be in it."

"WHATEVER made you marry that old woman?" said a mother to her son.

"You were always telling me to choose a wife like my mother," was the dutiful reply.

At a young ladies' seminary recently, during an examination in history, one of the pupils was interrogated:

"Mary, did Martin Luther die a natural death?"

"No," was the reply, "he was excommunicated by a bull."

A WAG belonging to the bar propounded the following conundrum at the county court recently:

"Why is a child hooked and killed by a cow like a modern lady's dress?"

In vain did the officers of the court endeavor to solve it. With a roguish twinkle of the eye he said:

"Because it's gored to death."



THE HUGUENOT PRISONER.—FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY V. NEHLIG.

The Huguenot Prisoner.

THE magnificent scenery of America offers such attractive themes to the artists of this country that their ambition generally aspires to achieve excellence in that department of art. The more reason is there to welcome any individual merit in the execution of historical subjects.

Our engraving of the Huguenot Prisoner is from a very fine painting by Mr. Victor Nehlig, of this city. It represents one of those touching incidents, of frequent occurrence in the history of France during the reign of Henry III., when the power of the League was arrayed

map in his hands. The general stands with his customary expression of coolness and decision, and beside him is the Secretary of War, engaged in his familiar occupation of rubbing his spectacles. The likenesses are striking, and the group, which is the sculptor's last production, has been much admired.

Major-General Lorenzo Thomas, Adjutant-General U. S. A. and Acting Secretary of War.

As THE public are now naturally desirous of a more intimate acquaintance with the form and feature of the man who has been selected to assist the President in his fight with Mr. Stanton for the possession of the War Office, we publish to-day a portrait of Major-General Lorenzo Thomas, the newly appointed Secretary of War *ad interim*.

General Thomas was born at Newcastle, Delaware, on the 20th of October, 1804. His father was of Welsh extraction, and on the mother's side he is descended from the Randolphs and the famed princess Pocahontas. He graduated at West Point in 1823, and was from time to time promoted, receiving in 1838 the appointment of Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Brevet-Major and Lieutenant-Colonel by Brevet in 1846 for gallant and meritorious service at the battle of Monterey. At the commencement of the late war he held the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel, and was appointed Adjutant-General, retaining the arduous position throughout the struggle.

He has now entered the historical arena in a more conspicuous character. He has become a part of the machinery of a conflict between two branches of the National Government, the Legislative and the Executive, in which much may depend upon, may be, his conduct in his new position.

A BLACK DIAMOND WEDDING.

THE theory that negroes are shiftless and improvident, often meets with a practical denial. On the 13th of last month, a mulatto barber, said to be worth \$250,000, was married at St. Louis, Mo., to an heiress of the same race and diluted blood, possessing in her own right a fortune upward of \$300,000. The affair created considerable excitement, and has been the theme of gossip in all grades of society ever since. This, of course, is owing simply to the wealth of the parties, for, despite persistent efforts, they have been utterly unable to obtain social position. The marriage service was performed in a style of magnificence never surpassed in the city. The altar was illuminated and decked in its richest ornaments. The most splendid vestments belonging to the church were used, and the whole edifice wore the appearance of a grand festival. Carpets were spread down the aisles of the church, and extended out on the sidewalk even to the curbstone. In the sanctuary six clergymen were assembled, surrounded by eighteen attendants. For a long time the patrons of Clamorgan's shaving saloon, corner of Fourth and Pine streets, have noticed, and frequently been waited upon by a tall and rather good-looking mulatto. He took one's fifteen cents without ostentation, and very politely insisted on turning it into a half-dollar by a vigorous shampoo—which he was ready at all times to assure you was absolutely necessary. This good-looking mulatto could, probably, have bought and sold nine-tenths of all his customers. He was the happy groom on the present nuptial occasion, and deliberately drew his check for \$15,000, as a bridal gift, merely to show what he could do. His name is Thompson—with a P—preceded by the initial J. The bride was Miss Antoinette Bulger, a native of St. Louis, a very plain-looking mulatto, but with an excessively handsome *figure*, said to be upward of a quarter of a million. Of course, gossip is busy over the early history of the couple. The bride is said to have been very charitable, very talented, and very aspiring. One report states that her mother, lately deceased, offered to

bestow one hundred thousand dollars to any respectable white man who would consent to a union, but Miss Antoinette, who had a soul above buttons, refused to make one of the high contracting parties. On the other hand it is asserted that she has, by means of advertisements, skillfully worded, in which it was declared that money was no object (the subscriber having an ample

fortune), invited correspondence from less fortunate young men of good morals and elevated tastes, with a view to marriage. It is even declared that the lady has now in her possession a scrap-book containing several thousand letters, received from before-described young men—all anxious to sacrifice themselves at such an altar.



ROGERS'S NEW GROUP—PRESIDENT LINCOLN, STANTON, AND GRANT.

in persecution of the Huguenot population. The wife and mother of the Huguenot prisoner, accompanied by his children, present themselves at the barred window of his cell, with their basket of food for the unhappy captive. The mother pleads in vain to the surly jailer, while a brutal soldier rudely grasps the wife by the shoulder, and drags her from the window. The costumes are historically correct, the sentiment of the picture is apparent, and the whole subject has been treated with much vigor and feeling.

John Rogers's Statuette Group, Representing Mr. Lincoln, Gen. Grant and Mr. Stanton.

ONE of the best of the statuette pieces for which the sculptor John Rogers is celebrated, is the group representing the late President Lincoln, General Grant and Mr. Stanton, holding a council of war. Mr. Lincoln is seated, earnestly examining the



MAJOR-GEN. LORENZO THOMAS, ADJUTANT-GENERAL U. S. A., AND ACTING SECRETARY OF WAR.

HOME INCIDENTS, ACCIDENTS, &c.

HOME INCIDENTS.

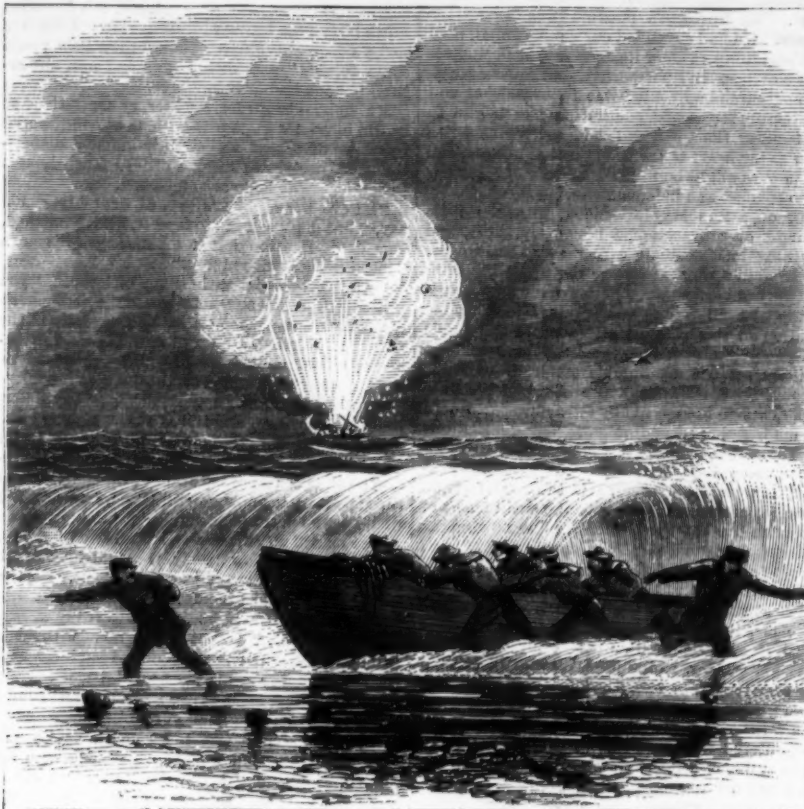
Fatal Fall from a Church Steeple.

On the afternoon of the 7th of February, a young man, named Patrick Russell, who had been employed to repaint the spire of the First Presbyterian Church



FATAL FALL FROM A CHURCH STEEPLE.

in Savannah, met a sudden and horrible death. The rigging necessary to accomplish his job had been successfully erected, and, on returning from his dinner, he ascended the steeple by an interior stairway, until he reached the highest window in the church, a distance of about 150 feet from the ground. While getting out of the window to the rope to which his seat was attached for the purpose of completing his ascension, he lost his hold, and was precipitated to the ground. In his fall he struck the projections of the steeple, and rolled



BURNING OF THE REVENUE CUTTER NEMANA, OFF OLD POINT, ON THE 7TH ULT.

lady, who had betrayed no indications of a spirit of self-destruction during the solemn ceremony, was in a few moments reduced to a state of unconsciousness, and died in six hours after the matrimonial knot had been tied. The agony of the groom, who in a few short hours was

pronounced a husband and a widower, was greatly intensified by the absence of any reason or provocation for the rash act.

A Convivial Rat.

It is related of Sheridan that, once entertaining a party of friends, he asked them at the commencement of the Bacchanalian exercises: "Now, gentlemen, shall we drink like men or like beasts?" "Like men, of



MURDER OF A CAR CONDUCTOR IN NEW YORK CITY, ON THE 17TH ULT.

course," was the somewhat indignant response. "Then," replied Sheridan, "let us get jolly drunk, for beasts drink no more than they need, and then only water." The celebrated wit, dramatist, orator and statesman was not, after all, a close observer of the attributes of the brute creation. Many animals beside those of the human essence are fond of liquor, and



STRANGE SUICIDE OF A BRIDE.

down the roof of the edifice to the ground. When picked up life was extinct, and the body horribly mangled.

Suicide of a Bride.

A melancholy occurrence took place on the 4th ult. in the township of Artemisia, Canada, involving the



BODY OF AN INFANT FOUND ON A FLOATING BLOCK OF ICE IN THE EAST RIVER, NEAR FULTON FERRY, NEW YORK.



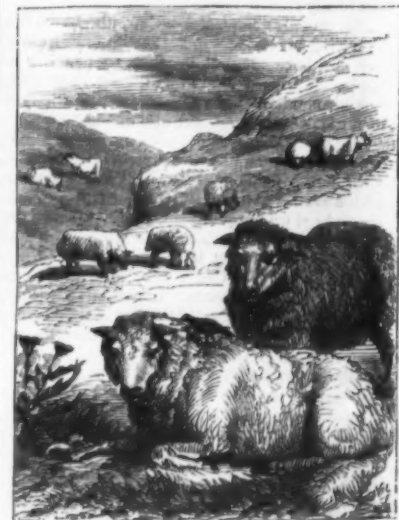
A CONVIVIAL RAT.

happiness of a respectable gentleman, and the life of his new-made wife. It appears that on that day Mr. Charles Van Felson, of Columbus, was married to a young lady named Miss Hall, of Artemisia, but before the officiating clergyman had retired from the house or the invited guests had paid their salutations to the bride, the mirth of the company was brought to an abrupt termination by the intelligence that the bride had secretly taken a powerful dose of laudanum. The



SLEIGHING ACCIDENT IN JERSEY CITY.

sometimes resort to singular expedients to gratify the craving for spirits. At Syracuse, N. Y., a drug clerk caught a rat on his hind legs, eagerly drinking the whisky which dropped from a leaky faucet. He had evidently been there before and understood the philosophy of the thing. Our engraving represents the



A KNOWING BLACKBIRD.

quadrupedal inebriate taking his Bourbon, and already "half seas over."

Burning of the Revenue Cutter Nemana.

On Friday morning, February 7th, the United States revenue cutter Nemana, which has been stationed in the vicinity of Fort Monro since the war, caught fire in the galley-way, and in half an hour after the discovery of the flames blew up with a loud explosion.

At the time the fire broke out the wind and sea were quite high, and as there was a large quantity of powder on board the vessel, the efforts of the crew were directed toward effecting an escape from their perilous situation. One boat was lowered without difficulty, but the tackle of a second becoming foul, the boat swamped, and John Grinnell, coxswain, and William Stroud, master of arms, were drowned. The remainder of the crew left the vessel in a third boat, and, joining company with the first one lowered, struck out for shore. After a long walk, the party reached the farm of Mr. Harding in a half-frozen condition, and were supplied with dry clothing and an abundance of food.

A Conductor Murdered on the Platform of his Car, in New York City.

On Monday night, 17th ult., Thomas F. Lavelle, the conductor of car No. 104, Seventh Avenue line, New York City, was fatally stabbed by an unknown man, and died soon afterward at the City Hospital. The murderer, who was under the influence of liquor, got upon the car at the corner of Barclay street and Broadway. He was quarrelsome and refused to pay his fare, abusing the conductor, and taunting him with dishonesty. At the corner of Chambers and Church streets he was ejected, but followed the car, and at the corner of Reade street leaped upon the rear platform, and stabbed the conductor in the right groin. The wounded man staggered into the car, and sinking upon the seat, cried out: "I am stabbed!" There were at the time but two passengers in the car, who gave the alarm, but the murderer escaped. Mr. Lavelle was removed to the hospital, where he died within an hour.

The Corpse of a Babe Found on Floating Ice.

On the 15th of last month, the attention of one of the ferry-men at the Fulton Ferry bridge, in New York City, was attracted by an object that lay motionless on one of the cakes of ice floating in the river. Slowly the frozen mass approached, driven by the ebbing tide. As it came nearer, the stiff and lifeless body of a babe was discernible, sleeping its last sleep upon that icy bed. How it came to be so strangely sepulchred, and will probably always be, a mystery—one of those sad, fearful mysteries that mark the daily history of great cities. The little waif was taken from its unnatural tomb on the broad river's bosom, and consigned to a more fitting grave.

Fatal Collision of Sleighs in Jersey City, New Jersey.

On the afternoon of the 13th of last month the horses attached to a sleigh in Jersey City took fright and dashed at headlong speed down the street. A young man named Corbett succeeded in checking their career; but, at the moment he had brought them under control, another team came dashing by and a collision ensued. The pole of one of the sleighs transfixed one of the horses attached to the other. Mr. Corbett, at the same time, was hurled violently against the hydrant and killed.

A Knowing Blackbird.

Near Bangor, Maine, a blackbird has taken up his quarters among a flock of sheep. He hops from the back of one to that of another during the day, picking out the ticks, and at night perches on a rafter of the shed in which the flock are housed.

"Save Me From My Friends."

It was an evil day when my kind friends put it into my weak head that I was a wonderfully clever woman, and ought not to deprive the world of the advantages of my wit and talent.

"Put your thoughts on paper," said one; "try your hand at a three-volume novel, with plenty of sensation in it. Look at the trash that is published and paid for. Aid your experiences with your imagination, and if I can help you with plot or dialogue I will."

"Araminta could write a vast deal better than most of those whose books and articles I try to get through," said another—a woman, like her sex, full of prejudices and impulses. "She could make her fortune with her pen, I am confident, if she would but try. No one writes such amusing letters; and she makes me laugh more than any one I know."

No one acquainted with human nature will wonder at my swallowing the bait offered me with eagerness. I did swallow it, alas, and laid the flattering unction to my soul that I was a heaven-born genius, and that my mission in this world was not to spend my days nursing children, giving out stores, and watering flowers, but to send my name down to posterity as one of the most able and elegant female writers of my age.

There was one, however, in my more immediate circle, who in no way shared the flattering opinions of my friends respecting me.

This was my grim sister-in-law, who had a fancy for paying me long periodical visits—not from any love she bore me, but because, to use her own words, she wished "to protect poor dear George (my husband and her brother) from the folly and weakness of that dreadful wife of his."

Like many other sisters-in-law, she bore me an undying grudge for having married her brother.

"I never could understand," she would say, with a malicious sniff and toss of the green bow which kept up her chignon, "what George could see in Araminta Lovelace to induce him to marry her. She was badly brought up, and quite unfitted to be the wife of a poor man with refined tastes and requirements. I know she was velvet before she was married—which was bad taste, poor thing, as well as ridiculous extravagance—and had most preposterous notions about silk stockings, and neck of mutton for her dog. And now people want to make a Mrs. Jellyby of her. I must confess to never having discovered her great talents. She has no reading, and is extremely superficial. Her talk at home rarely ranges beyond the feeding bottle, and the superiority of her children; and out of the house it consists of little more than a sort of weak fun, and a few shallow opinions gained from the newspapers, or the person with whom she last conversed."

There might have been some truth in these remarks, but there was more ill-nature, so I refused to be influenced by them. All the cold water my sister-in-law poured on my literary aspirations only served to make them grow the faster, and no idea of failure or distrust of my own powers entered my mind.

The hampered state of our exchequer was another reason besides the mere promptings of vanity for my trying a path which, if trodden successfully, would lead to emolument as well as fame. My husband's position was above his means. We had expended our small capital, debt was beginning to show its ugly face with unpleasant clearness and pertinacity, and unless something "turned up," what was to become of us? Whitecross street and emigration had begun to be familiar though dreaded ideas; and I felt a glow at my heart at the thought that my pen and my powers might be the instruments of restoring us to comfort and independence.

So, on a fine May afternoon, with but little thought or preparation, I began my short, and anything but fortunate career as an authoress. We lived in a square in the parish of Marylebone; and the principal characteristics of the back apartments being darkness and smuts, I took up my position on this eventful afternoon in the sunny red-papered dining-room, on the long table of which I set out my humble materials—a small account-book, a J. pen, and a sheet of blotting-paper, which then I fondly fancied were to earn for me wealth and distinction. The distractions outside would have driven many a more experienced writer half mad; but I was too much self-engrossed to heed them. So the barrel organ mingled its cracked tones with the shrill blasts of the brass band at the corner in hideous discord; the hucksters shouted "Foine sparrows" and "Fresh strawboys"; the carriages rolled by; the women scolded and the children screamed in the adjacent mews; and a gentleman continued to urge me, in authoritative accents over the wire blind, to exchange one or two of my "husband's old 'ats" for three blue jugs, without disturbing my equanimity, or causing my mind to wander from the great object I had in view. I certainly was a little put out when Matilda, my sister-in-law, entered the room, and seated herself with a tight smile, crochet in hand, directly opposite to me; and her unsympathizing presence rendered the commencement of my story, "Lucy Langton, a Tale of English Domestic Life," more difficult than I thought it would otherwise have been. I was undecided whether I should begin with a conversation, a bit of word-painting, or a moral reflection. I chose the latter. "Reader," I began, "life is like a game of cards; she who plays them carefully—"

"But here I was not quite sure whether Araminta Goosequill or one Tucker were the author of the passage I was beginning to write; so I flung aside the moral reflection and began at the bit of word-painting.

"Many tourists will remember the striking beauty of the long western road leading from R—— to the town of A——y, in North Wales, its richly cultivated lands, and the noble amphitheatre of mountains."

This was too much in the guide-book style to please even me; so the bit of word-painting shared the fate of the moral reflection. I now essayed the conversation: "Damn it, my dear, why ain't the children in bed?" cried a rough voice.

It then struck me that to begin "Lucy Langton" with an oath, was not paying her proper respect; so I bit my pen and felt bewildered. I found English composition more difficult than I had expected. Suddenly I bethought me of what I had heard respecting a well-known female writer, whose ideas never flowed easily unless she had relays of stout purveyed to her from time to time. I rose and rang the bell.

"Bring me up one of the pint bottles of stout," I said, when the servant appeared.

"Have a crust with it, Araminta," snorted my sister-in-law, with severity, "or it will get into your head, which you know is not strong at that sort of thing."

Her remark nettled me. It was not pleasant to be told one had a weak head just as unusual demands were about to be made on its strength. I refused the crust, and drank the stout; the effect of which was not to stimulate my intellect, but to render body, as well as mind, sleepy and paralyzed. I had sufficient presence of mind, however, knowing Matilda was watching me, to knit my brows sapiently, and write pot-hooks and hangers with rapidity in my account-book, and just as the mist began to lighten, and something like an appropriate beginning to "Lucy Langton" meandered slowly athwart my brain, my nurse entered, work in hand.

"Please, mum, will you fix where you would like the buttons to be placed? And I forgot to ask you this morning for tea and sugar. And the children say you promised them some jam for their tea this afternoon. Oh, and will you please, mum, speak to Miss Edith? there's no doing nothing with her in the nursery. She's been and dragged every bit of clothes out of the wardrobe for hating, as she calls it, and has just woke baby out of a beautiful sleep."

At that moment, jam, buttons, and babies were nothing to me in comparison with the opening paragraph of "Lucy Langton," but Matilda's severe eye was on me, saying plainly:

"Quite the Mrs. Jellyby, neglecting her children and house for that sickly trash. Soon she will be in dressing-gown and curl-papers, and poor George will be whipping the children and giving his baby the bottle."

So I succumbed, and worn out with the heat, interruption, stout, and sister-in-law, I put up the little account-book, and betook myself to domestic concerns.

So it went on from day to day, the story progressing slowly, spite of constant interruptions and anxieties. It was about half written when my sister-in-law told my husband plainly she could stand it no longer—she must go. She would come back and finish her visit when poor Araminta had returned to her senses.

"To see her, George," she said, "with cheeks all in a blaze, like erysipelas, nibbling her pen, and staring idiotically out of the window, or sipping beer and sherry, is too much for me. Don't look angry at me, George, for I am only

speaking for her good. Much she or you know of editors and publishers. They won't even look at her trash, much less publish it. And the poor thing is counting her chickens before they're hatched—a new mantle for herself, silk frock for Edith! My poor brother! I always knew Araminta to be a fool, but I never thought her folly would come to this" and with a dignified sniff she retired to pack up her belongings.

My husband regarded my literary aspirations as he did his sister's tirades—with the good-natured tolerance of a kind and slightly-indolent disposition. He certainly shrank a little, I fancied, from the sight of the little account-book.

"I have no doubt it's capital, dear," he would say, "but don't ask me to read it, till it's finished. One don't like too much manuscript, it's such deuced unpleasant reading."

"Ah," I thought with some bitterness, "you will all change your note when the publisher's check comes in; when critics join in praise of the new star that has appeared in the literary firmament; when the knocks of duns are heard no longer, and fish is added to the joint at dinner."

My story went on all the quicker for my sister-in-law's departure, and it was at last finished and neatly recopied in proper form. Nothing I ever read gave me such intense delight and satisfaction as the perusal of my own composition. I went through it again and again till I knew it by heart. I would get up in the dead of the night to expunge an article or add an adjective. I would lie awake for hours thinking how lovely it would look when arrayed in all the majesty of print, with a magenta-and-gold binding. I began to doubt whether any of the periodicals were really worthy of it. Indeed, I cannot think now without a painful blush of all the pride and fondness with which I regarded this my first and last literary bantling. My husband read it, and was of course favorable in his judgment of it.

"Deuced good," was his remark as he put down his cigar, and worked vigorously with his fingers at his long tawny mustache. "I didn't know you were half so clever, Araminta; couldn't do it myself to save my life, and have my debts paid into the bargain. The spoony scene between Miss What-do-you-call her and the devil-dodger is first-rate. Pack it up, old child, and I'll send it with a note to Pluck. He'll tell you what to do with it."

Mr. Pluck was the only friend we had who was connected with that literary world whose precincts I was so anxious to enter. He was the editor of a first-class periodical. A shrewd, prosperous, well-looking man, of a kindly disposition, but with a natural and professional aversion to aspiring amateurs, the marketable value of whose productions he rightly regarded at a very low figure. But I was in a heaven of my own, and feared no Pluck. He was too clever a man himself not at once to see and appreciate the brilliant promise displayed in the story, "Lucy Langton." Most probably he would try and secure it for his own periodical; and the imaginary terms I made with him were fabulous in their haughty exorbitance. All this time the expenses of my household were willfully increased. Cream with the children's fruit-pies, a box at the opera, dinners at Richmond and Greenwich—these were mere trifles which "Lucy Langton" would easily settle when she appeared in print.

My husband sent the MS. with a note to Mr. Pluck, who did not hurry himself in answering it. His delay cast the first chill over my ardent, hopeful expectations; in my ignorance, I looked eagerly at the advertisements of the August number of his magazine, thinking to see "Lucy Langton" in the list of its contents. She was not there, poor thing, nor likely to be.

I shall not soon forget the day when his answer came, nor the spasm of disappointment that ran through me when with it I received back my MS. My sister-in-law having returned to finish her visit, was with me when it arrived. We were at luncheon; and though I hurriedly thrust the manuscript into the side-board drawer, I know she saw it, for she emitted a sonorous sniff of triumph, and her eye gleamed with wicked enjoyment.

With a badly-assumed air of indifference I opened Mr. Pluck's note.

I read it with a mist dancing before my eyes, and made out its sentences in disjointed fashion.

"DEAR GOOSEQUILL,—. . . candid opinion . . . false kindness to mislead . . . weak, inexperienced . . . tale wants incident and study of character . . . Perhaps in time . . . study . . . might become an agreeable writer . . . return it . . . no use for it myself. Your wife should begin with short papers . . . It can help her in any way . . . very happy . . ."

"Faithfully yours,

"BOLINGBROKE PLUCK."

So the dream was over; the fabric I had so airily built dashed to pieces in a moment by a Pluck's well-meaning yet destructive hand. My disposition was impulsive and not persevering, easily raised and as easily depressed. The scales fell suddenly from my mental vision, and I saw "Lucy Langton" with even, perhaps, a more truthful and searching eye than Mr. Pluck. The bright sun, the children's tattle, and my sister-in-law's continued triumphant stare were too much for me. I turned white and faint.

"Don't worry your poor mamma," said my kind relation to her young nieces; "she has had bad news.—Is your letter from your father, Araminta, or from Betts?"

Her question was not a kind one. Betts was our largest creditor, and I had fondly hoped to have settled his bill, on which we were paying enormous interest, by my ill-fated effort. Yes, Betts; the tax-gatherer; Marshall and Snellgrove; Mme. Louise de Verdreuil; tailor, hatter—all, even to that dreadful man Pump, who called regularly once a week for his unpaid plastering and repairing account, were to have been paid out of the profits of "Lucy Langton." Bailiffs, Curator-street, loomed darkly before my

eyes. I could stand it no longer, and rushed out of the room, up to the quiet and solitude of my bedroom; I re-read Mr. Pluck's note. "Study!" I exclaimed with an hysterical titter; "a woman of my age study! How do others write? How did Miss Burney write 'Evelina' at sixteen? How did Miss Brontë write 'Jane Eyre'? Ah, madam," I continued, with bitter emphasis, as I gazed spitefully at my own reflection in the wardrobe mirror, "you are not and never will be, a Miss Burney or a Miss Brontë. Matilda is right. You're a fool, nothing better; a vain ignorant fool!"

And thus ended my literary career. I have returned to my senses and my household duties; but it will be some time yet, I fear, before I am restored to the Micawber-like state of content which I enjoyed before I took pen in hand with the vain hope of rivaling Jane Austen and keeping out the bailiffs.

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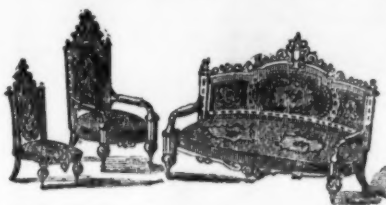
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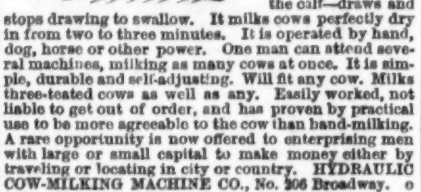
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